THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF ANTHROPOMORPHICS

ISSUE
2
$10.00

Foreword by the Editor

"What, exactly, are Anthropomorphics?" is the question most people ask upon seeing this publication. The answer to it is relatively simple. An anthropomorphic character is any object or animal given human-like attributes that they normally would not possess. This type of character is most often associated with those seen in today's cartoons, although the industry term "funny animals" is also used at times to describe them.

When you think about it, you will realize that this sort of characterization is all about us; they are used to sell cereals, video games, snack foods, clothing... the use of "funny animals" in advertising has been growing constantly, and shows no signs of abating.

However, unlike other genres, the anthropomorphic artist occupies a special niche in the industry. A popular misconception is that these artists either "have it" and are employed by a large, wealthy animation or advertising firm... or they don't, and earning a living from their talent is a difficult task. The middle ground in this is hard to find. It's sad, but many advertising agencies have few sources for high quality artwork in this genre -- it takes a good amount of specialized skill to draw anthropomorphics well, and many conventional artists often come up short in this regard. Thus, these companies wind up taking the closest thing to hand, often using lower quality work than they could... and their customers wind up losing out on the sales an attention-catching character could bring them.

The Journal acts as volumes of "head shots" do for actors -- interested companies and individuals will find contact information included for all the featured artists. Having successive issues of the Journal on hand provides a powerful reference tool for matching the particular style or theme of a job with one of the many different styles of artwork shown.

This publication provides more than a place for some of the top freelance artists in the country to showcase their works. Royalties are paid to the artists against any profits generated through sales of the Journal, providing a supplimentary source of income for them.

A concerted effort was made to produce a very high quality product; from the layout and content to the selection of paper, cover stock and binding. We hope you enjoy it. Thank you for supporting our efforts on the behalf of the artists contained herein.

Darrell Benvenuto, Editor
Med Systems Company
August, 1994

Golden Realm Unlimited presents a dynamic new line of comics unlike anything you've ever seen!

Dream Weavers™

Written by Jose Calderón and illustrated by Matthew Lunsford

Demons have broken through the dimensional walls holding them out for centuries. Only the powers of the Mystics and a handful of Cekurity officers can hold off the worlds dominating power of the Trinity Guard and their masters.

REEVER™

Written by Jose Calderón and illustrated by Xahc

Tying in with **Dream Weavers**, one of the Trinity Guard is dead. The only thing remaining is the demon suit of armor giving its power to any who seek revenge. Crystal, a young homeless woman, cruelly beaten by young gang members, is transformed to her youth and seeks out all of those people who have led to her dismal state.

Tall TailS™

Written by Jose Calderón and illustrated by Daphne Lage

A seal containing great magical powers has been stolen, a young prince kidnapped, and a troll king drunk with power wishes for more. To avert war, Ravenwood, Gabriel, Klea, Pandora, Silvermain and Raulph the Destroyer set out to bring back the seal.

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Color cover printed on 70# glossy standard with black and white 35# Hi-Brite interior (standard comic book stock)

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Color cover printed on 10pt card stock with black and-white 50# white offset interior

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Readers' Edition: **$2.50**
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Please add **$1.50** shipping and handling for first book,
$.50 each additional book
Canadian orders please add **$1.30** to cover prices
US Funds only - DO NOT SEND CASH
Please make checks/money orders payable to:
DAPHNE LAGE

Send order to:
GOLDEN REALM UNLIMITED INC., FDR Station, P.O. Box 671, New York, NY 10150

WATCH OUT FOR DREAM WEAVERS, REEVER, AND TALL TAILS FIRST ISSUE REPRINTS IN YOUR JULY ORDER FORMS!



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IF YOU DIDN'T GET IT, YOU DIDN'T READ IT.

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GOLDEN REALM UNLIMITED

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF ANTHROPOMORPHICS

AUGUST 1994 ISSUE No. 2

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EDITOR'S ALLEY

It's hard to stay cool in the line of fire, but they manage, somehow!

THE PAST

There are always a large number of considerations to be taken into account when coming out with a new publication. Many of these are immediately obvious, such as securing distribution channels, readership, contributors and the like. Issue #1 of the Journal took a year to go from determined concept to print. Most of it, believe it or not, was spent just finding artists who were interested in participating! With no prior record to look back upon, many artists are reluctant to spend time developing pieces for what could easily prove to be a waste of their time. And time, as it is often said, is money. Since the Journal was conceived for the express purpose of getting some of the lesser-known talent out there into the eye of the public, who would understand that better than we? Thus, a year was spent.

Securing distribution channels for the Journal was just as difficult. Most major distributors want to see a history of past performance, or at least an indication of how well the new publication in question will be accepted by the market at large, and are reluctant to take anything new on board in its first Issue. Thus it was not until Issue #2 was in final layout that the Journal was picked up for international distribution by both Capital City and Diamond Comic Distributors.

Another problem arose! Since our company had not yet recovered its printing costs for Issue #1, no royalties had been paid to the participating artists. This, as you can imagine, caused no small amount of consternation among them, as many had been expecting more rapid returns.

Fortunately, with the two largest distribution channels in the world open to the Journal, and with the help of dedicated, forthright artists such as Daphne Lage and RAGS explaining the situation to people, things eventually calmed down. New artists, learning of the Journal, have been coming on board in a slow but steady stream. As our base of submitting artists continues to grow with each issue, we hope to offer a product that steadily increases in quality and quantity.

CONNECTIONS

Med Systems runs a small but pleasant three-node BBS that contains, among many other things, thousands of top-quality image files of anthropomorphic artwork, plus nationwide echomail conferences on the subject. It can be reached 24 hours a day at (718) 886-6797 at all modem speeds up to 28.8 Kbps.

THE FUTURE

In Issue #3 we plan to have a color section, and are moving towards a mostly graphic story format by Issue #5. By Issue #6-10 we plan to be full color, front to back. The larger our readership grows, the more we will be able to bring to you each issue! So, if you like the Journal, encourage your friends to pick up copies. It will help make the next issue that much better.

PARTICIPATION

You want to submit something to us for possible publication? Great! Drop a note in the mail to the following address and we will get you off an artist's submission packet. This packet will contain a half-completed royalty contract, which, when you complete your half, protects you against any misuse of the materials you submit. It also contains information on what kinds of work we are looking for, how to prepare and mail your work to us, how our royalty system works and more.

Med Systems Company
Post Office Box 580009
Flushing, NY 11358-0009

INFORMATION

If you have any questions, comments or would like to subscribe to the Journal, drop us a note. We'd love to hear from you, as reader feedback is our best guide towards making a better publication. If you are an advertising agency or executive and would like to get in contact with one or more of the artists contained herein, give us a call at the number in the table of contents and we will put the artist(s) in contact with you that very day.

The Editor of the Journal can also be contacted through:

FidoNet/Netmail	1:278/523
Internet E-Mail	benvenut@qcunix.acc.qc.edu
CompuServe	72530,2227

ERRATA

Errata from Issue #1, First Printing: Cover art was not credited. Front Cover was done by Steve Martin, Back Cover by Roy D. Pounds II (featured in this Issue). Due to a mixup, no page numbers were printed, quite annoying since they were listed on the table of contents!

Daphne Lage

Background

Daphne was born in Valencia, Spain, in 1971, and has been drawing anthropomorphic characters from a very young age. Her goal was originally a career in animation, instilled by the animations of Walt Disney.

Ms. Lage entered the School of Visual Arts on a full, four-year scholarship. She was lured away from her original goal of being an animator by the world of comic book illustration, and in June of 1993 her first anthropomorphic comic book series, Tall Tails, saw release under the banner of Golden Realm Unlimited, Inc. Copies of Tall Tails and other GRU publications are available through Ms. Lage.

Ms. Lage's dynamic, flowing style of illustration has drawn many favorable comments from viewers. Her work maintains a uniformly high graphic density, consistently rich with detail and texture.

Ms. Lage's artwork has been featured in Issue #1 of the Journal, as well as Furloose!, Bestiary, Midnight Sands and Furplay, to name a few.

Ms. Lage has also illustrated the story, Tales from the Reservation, in this issue.

Due to the U.S. Post Office making a mistake, many pieces of mail written to Ms. Lage in the past months were turned away from her Post Office Box. The problem has finally been corrected, and any mail sent should now get through without any difficulty.

Commissioned Artwork

Ms. Lage does a large quantity of commissioned artwork and has established a fairly regular pricing system for compositions consisting of no more than two characters. Artwork requests with more characters or complex details are negotiated separately. Illustration requests can range from anthropomorphic to anime in nature.

9x12	Pencil Linework	$ 20.00
9x12	Inked Line Art	$ 30.00
9x12	Ink and Marker	$ 40.00
9x12	Grey Tone Pencil	$ 50.00
9x12	Color Pencil	$ 60.00
11x14	Pencil Linework	$ 30.00
11x14	Inked Line Art	$ 40.00
11x14	Ink and Marker	$ 50.00
11x14	Grey Tone Pencil	$ 60.00
11x14	Color Pencil	$ 70.00

Animation Cels, with your character(s) inked and painted on acetate, then mounted over a decorative background.

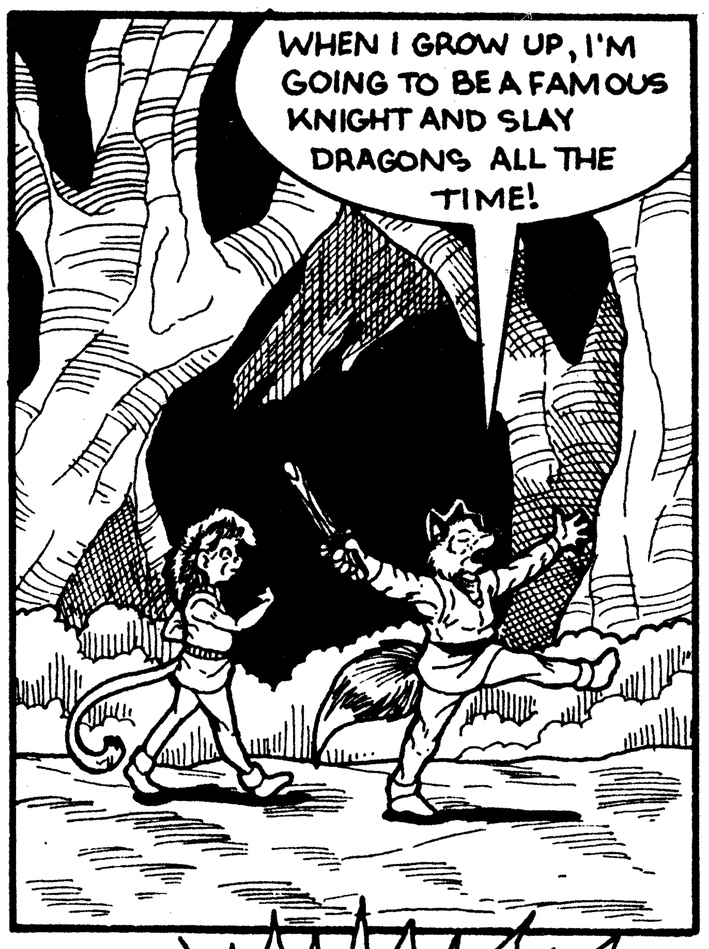
9x12	Animation Cel	$150.00

Nudity and Soft-Core erotica are no problem, but **taste is a must.** Ms. Lage reserves the right to reject any commission request. Guidelines are available by mail if required.

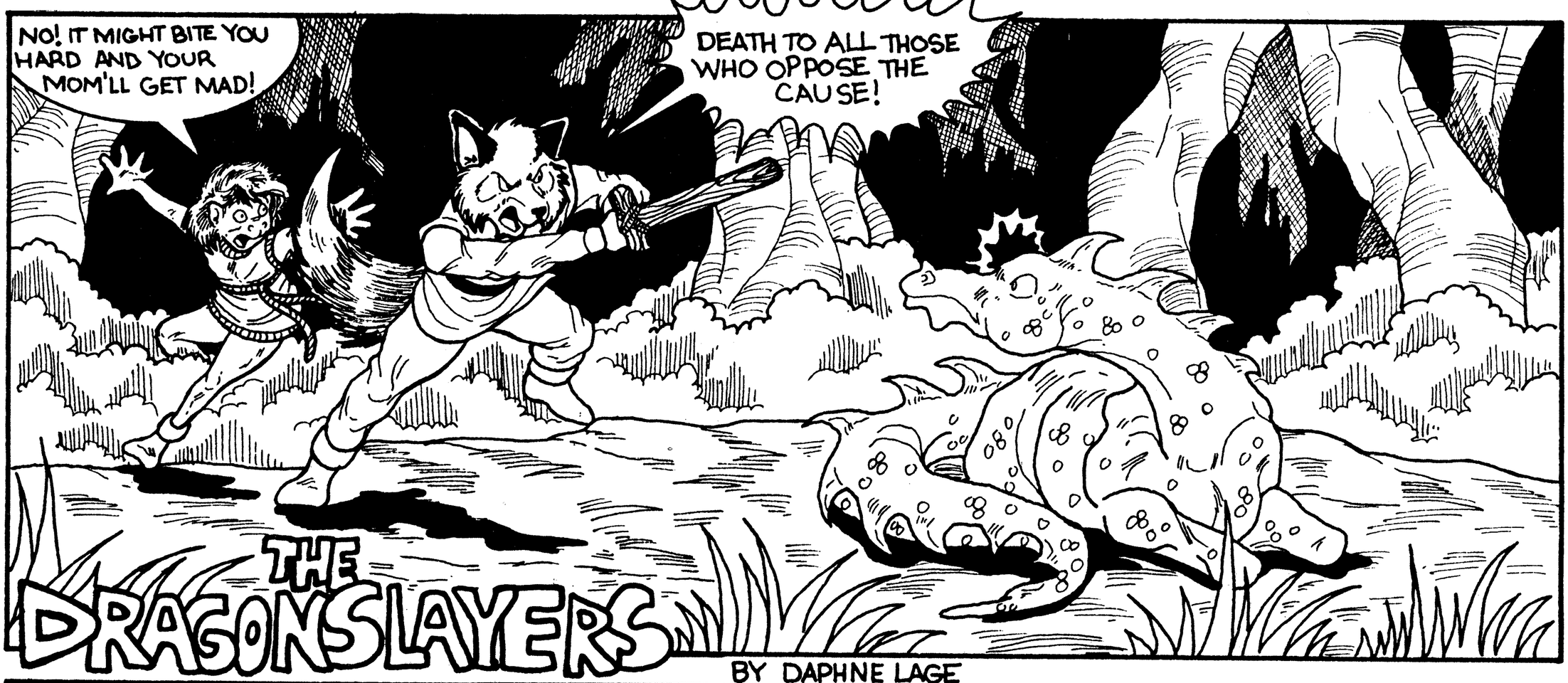
Send mail, money orders and commission specifications to

Ms. Daphne Lage
FDR Station, Post Office Box 671
New York, NY 10150



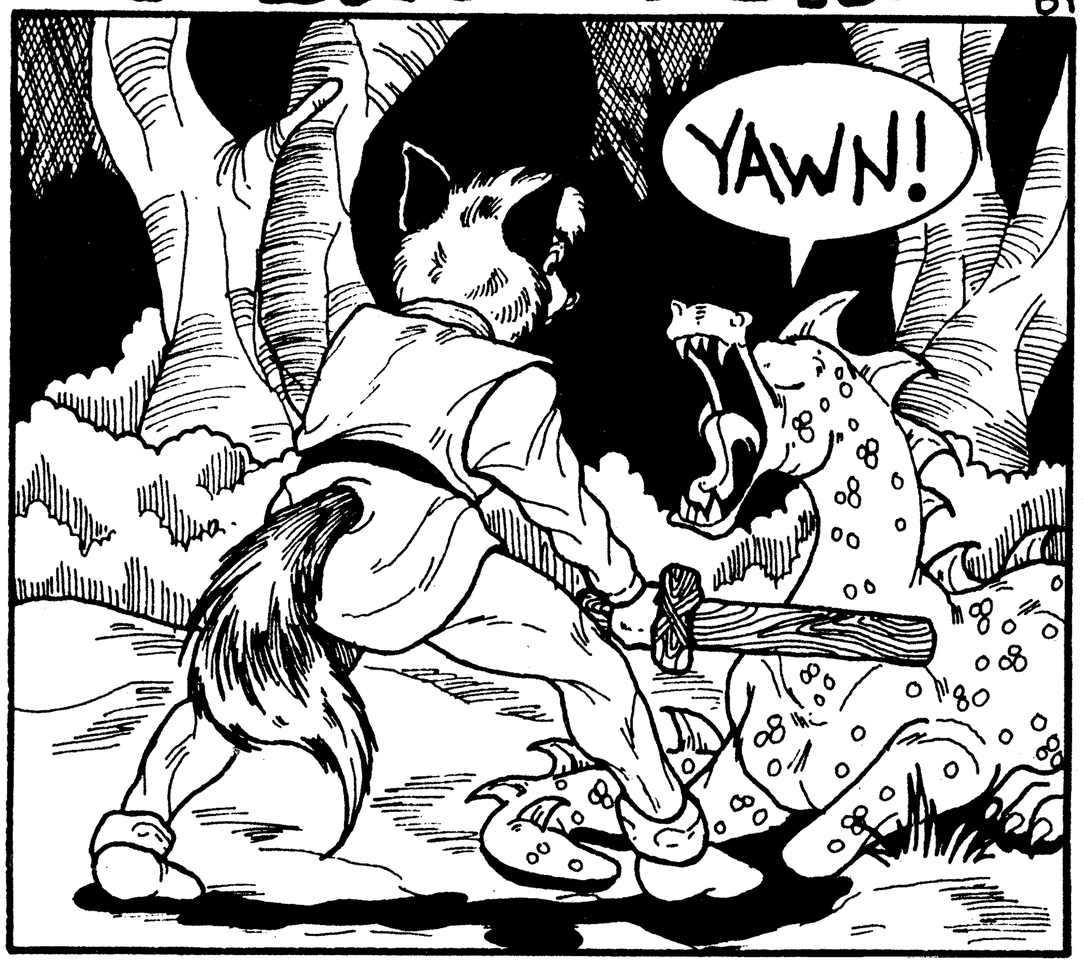






THE DRAGONSLAYERS

BY DAPHNE LAGE





HE'S GONNA BITE YOU HARD. I KNOW IT.

I'M GONNA COUNT TO THREE. YOU'D BETTER ACT LIKE A FIERCE DRAGON WHEN I GET TO THREE, OKAY?

ONE...

Z

I REALLY DON'T THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, EUGENE.

TWO...

THREE. NOW YOU ACT WILD THEN I'LL SLAY YOU. EASY ENOUGH.

YAWN...

NOT FAIR! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A BAD DRAGON AND I'M THE HERO WHO SLAYS YOU! YOU'RE NOT EVEN TRYING AT ALL!

SMAK SMAK

THEN, WHILE WE'RE FIGHTING, I GRAB MY SWORD AND THEN I SLAY YOU.

SAVING THE WORLD, OF COURSE.

DON'T MAKE HIM BITE YOU, EUGENE. HE'LL BITE YOU HARD IF YOU DO.

AS A DRAGON, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO TRY TO SCARE THE HERO— THAT'S ME.

NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, LET'S TRY AGAIN, OKAY? OKAY.

YAH! HE'S GONNA BITE! HE'S GONNA BIIIITE!

YEAH! THAT'S IT, DRAGON!

LICK LICK LICK LICK LICK LICK LICK

NO! YOU'RE DOING IT ALL WRONG!

GET OFF!

WHAT THE HECK KIND OF DRAGON ARE YOU?! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND BESIDE THOSE STUPID SCALES OF YOURS?!

STUPID DRAGON! IN FACT, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A DRAGON AT ALL!

YOU'RE PROBABLY A GIANT IGUANA WHO WISHES HE WERE A DRAGON!

OOO! EUGENE! HE'S GETTING REALLY MAD AT YOU! REALLY MAD!

YOU DRAGON WANNABE! WHAT'S A MATTER? CAN'T TAKE IT? WELL YOU'RE STUPID AND A COWARD TOO!

SNORT

GRRRRR...

GRRR...

AH HA! SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS EH?

GRRRR...

YOU'RE A STUPID DRAGON! STUPID! YA HEAR ME? STUPID!

GRRR...

UH- CALM DOWN GUY! I'M JUST- AH- I... I... NO HARD FEELINGS, EH?

AAA!! HE'S GONNA BITE ME!!

HA...

Daphne Gage... ©1992 GRU INC...!



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Jeff Wood

Background

Jeff is best known for his character Snobuni, as well as his unique style of illustrated characters, which he has titled "Mechanimoids". His style is often likened upon first glance to an offspring of conventional anime, but this is deceptive, as a viewer will see upon closer inspection. He returns to the Journal, after first appearing in Issue #1, with two stories, reflecting the development of his style of illustration over the past four years, from 1990 to 1994.

Commissioned Artwork

Mr. Wood is not accepting commissions currently due to his large backlog of work as he diligently pursues his next college degree. However, portfolios of existing work as well as "The Best of Snobuni Blizzard #1", a compilation of "Snobuni" artwork by many artists, is available through Jeff at $2 each, postpaid.

Mr. Jeff Wood
705 Lewis Street
Moscow, ID 83843-3512



The Problem with Blind Dates in the 21st Century

THE CAST
Snowbuni - as the coy maiden
Geralderson - as the supplicant

MALE PREROGATIVE

Words & Pictures by Jeff Wood
Assisted by Charles Roe

Ooh,
What a training exercise!
Everything Ive got will
be sore tomorrow.

Um,
that reminds me,
Snowbuni...

I have a favor to ask.
Onegai Shimasu.

Its a crushing need
Ive developed...

Im not sure
how to say it!

You can explain
while I take a
shower.

©94 WOLF

Its so personal, Im embarrassed to admit it.

Its the kind of feeling that all men get...

Its something only a woman like you can satisfy!

ahh

Im desperate, and I cant go on without your touch!

Please dont deny me, Snowbuni!

I need you!

WSU

A girl might be inclined to favor your desire!

Oh, good! Scratch my back, please.

Ooh, thanks!

No wonder men cant live without women!

Can you rub my feet too?

Now, thats getting a little too personal!

©94 FISCHOFF

The End

HEY, NEUTRON. THIS SEEMS LIKE AN AWFUL LOT OF WORK FOR ONE LADY. ARE YOU *SURE* PEGGY WILL BE IMPRESSED?

OF *COURSE*, GEORGEY! YOU'LL BE THE *FIRST* FLYING HORSE SHE'S SEEN!

WOW!

COOL!

NEAT!

BEGIN *FINAL COUNTDOWN!* INITIATE *PRIMARY LAUNCH SEQUENCE!*

UH, NEUTRON. I'VE CHANGED MY *MIND!* I *DON'T* WANT TO GO!

OH, *NO!* WE HAVE A *PREMATURE IGNITION INDICATOR!*

HELP!

FZT!

RUN FOR YOUR *LIFE!*

WHOOSH!

AAAAAAH!

LIFT-OFF!

ANOTHER GREAT IDEA SHOT DOWN BY *REALITY!*

NO, NO-- HE'S *HEADING* IN THE RIGHT *DIRECTION!*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFF ©90

"HORSE-FLY"

IT'S A FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON!

?

IT'S COMING THIS WAY!

YIIIIIIIII!

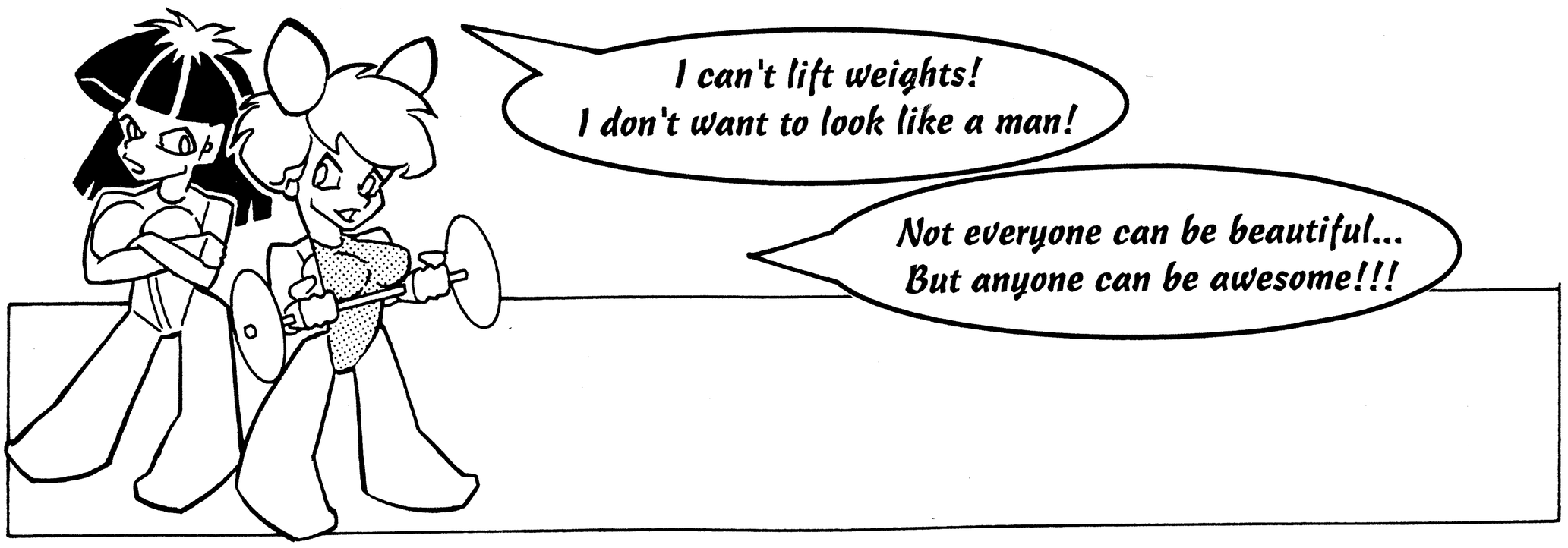
SKID!
WHAM!

WOW! BIZROID!

GROOVY, GEORGEY! DO IT AGAIN AND WE'LL CALL IT A DATE!

OOF! LET'S CALL IT AN EMERGENCY AND CALL 9-1-1!

THE END



IRON SUPPLEMENTS
make out-of-this-world bodies

Craig Carrington

Background

One of Craig's many goals in life is to become a professional artist, writer and lyricist. An experienced character designer, Craig is looking for work in the fields of animation and illustration. He attributes great many classical and modern influences to the development of his personal style of illustration.

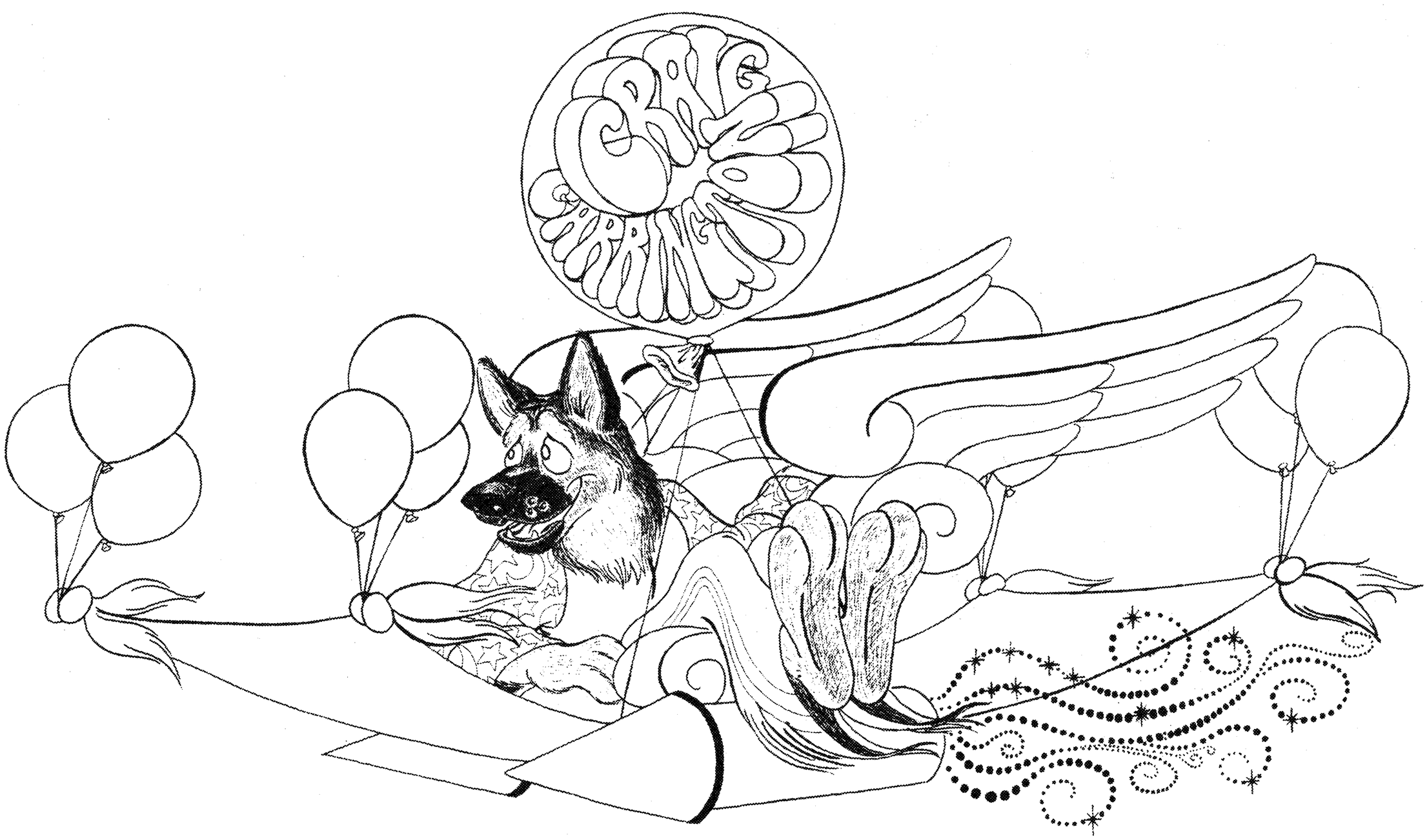
Growing up in the San Francisco Bay area instilled a love of the surreal and the psychedelic art explosion of the late 60's.

Commissioned Artwork

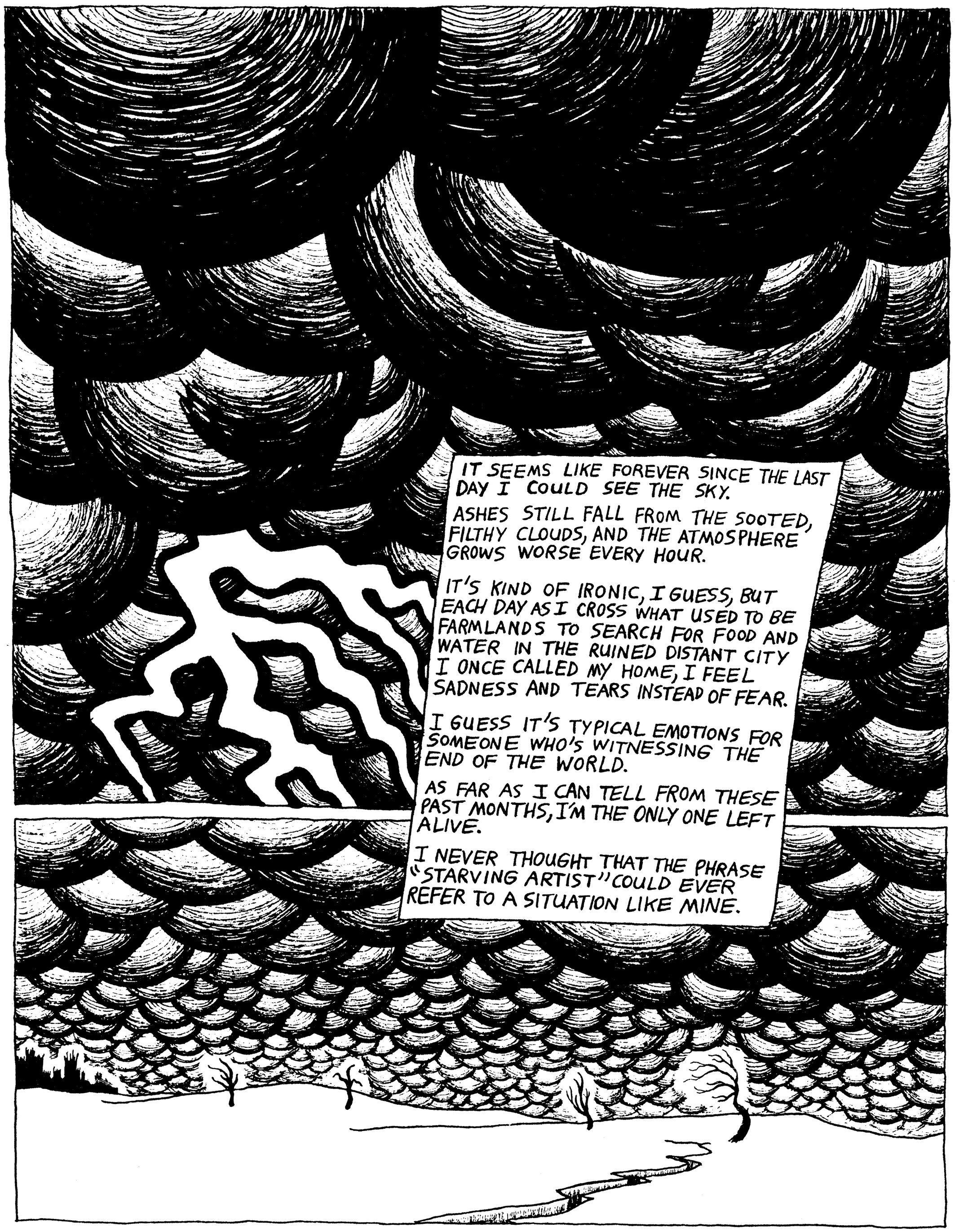
Mr. Carrington is accepting commissions. The price will vary depending on the complexity of the request.

Mr. Carrington reserves the right to reject any commission offer based on content or concerning characters whose copyrights are owned by others.

Mr. Craig Carrington
Post Office Box 325
Buffalo Creek, CO 80425



PART ONE
Craig Carrington



TO BE HONEST, I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN SURVIVE HERE....

....OH, I'M STILL HEALTHY, AND I'M NOT ACTUALLY STARVING YET.

I'M JUST WONDERING HOW LONG IT WILL BE BEFORE THE AIR BECOMES UNBREATHABLE.

IT'S AN ABSOLUTE CURSE TO BE ALONE WITH THE SKELETON OF A MILLION INNOCENT MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WHO ALL LOST THEIR LIVES AND FUTURES IN A WAR STARTED BY SELFISH GOVERNMENTS.

AN UNCOUNTED AMOUNT OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS KILLED LIKE SO MANY FLOWERS TRAMPLED OVER BY MILITARY BOOTS.



BUT THERE'S ONE THING THAT MAKES IT ALL HARDER TO BEAR.....
....IN FACT, IT ALMOST HURTS **WORSE**....

....THE FACT THAT I LOST YOU.

TIMOTHY, MY DEAREST FRIEND....IF ONLY YOU WERE STILL ALIVE SO I COULD TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM FOR HURTING YOU THE WAY I DID....IT'S BREAKING MY HEART EVERY DAY.
I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD CHANGE THE PAST....



....I MISS YOU SO MUCH....





BEIRO

Background

Mitchell Beiro's interest in animal-based anthropomorphic illustration began in 1978, and was heavily influenced by the Woody Woodpecker show, by Walter Lantz. Mitchell's own, distinctive style began to emerge as he honed his art skills and experimented with various styles and techniques.

Mitchell Beiro can be found attending several conventions around the country, including the San Diego Comic Con, ConFurence, LosCon and WesterCon.

Commissioned Artwork

(All paper used is acid-free)

8.5x11"	B&W Pencil	$ 10.00
8.5x11"	Black Inked	$ 15.00
8.5x11"	Color Pencil/Marker	$ 25.00
8.5x11"	Acetate Cel	$ 30.00
8.5x11"	Cel /w Background	$ 35.00

All prices include shipping in the USA.
Add $5.00 for mat framing.

Foamcore Sculpture Painting

Single Figure, up to Life-sized $ 50 +

Mitchell Beiro reserves the right to refuse any commission that he feels is slanderous, personally uncomfortable, undesired topics based on his own characters or on the copyrighted characters of others.

Mitchell specializes in airbrushing, flipcard animations, comic strips, custom T-shirts, Anthrofurry portraits and more. Write for information on other techniques available.

Mitchell R. Beiro
14800 Lemoli Avenue #1
Gardena, California 90249

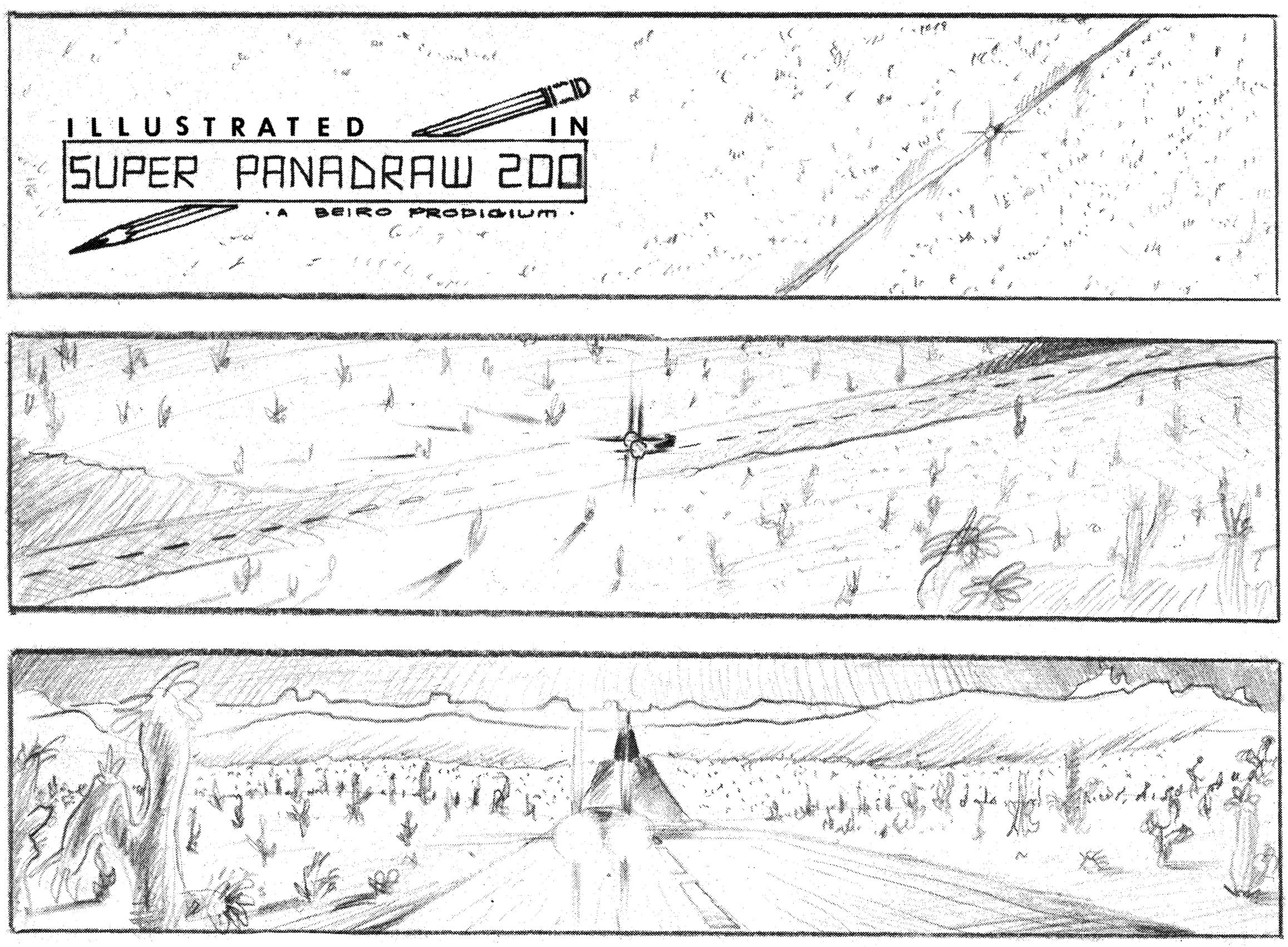
Mitchell R Beiro

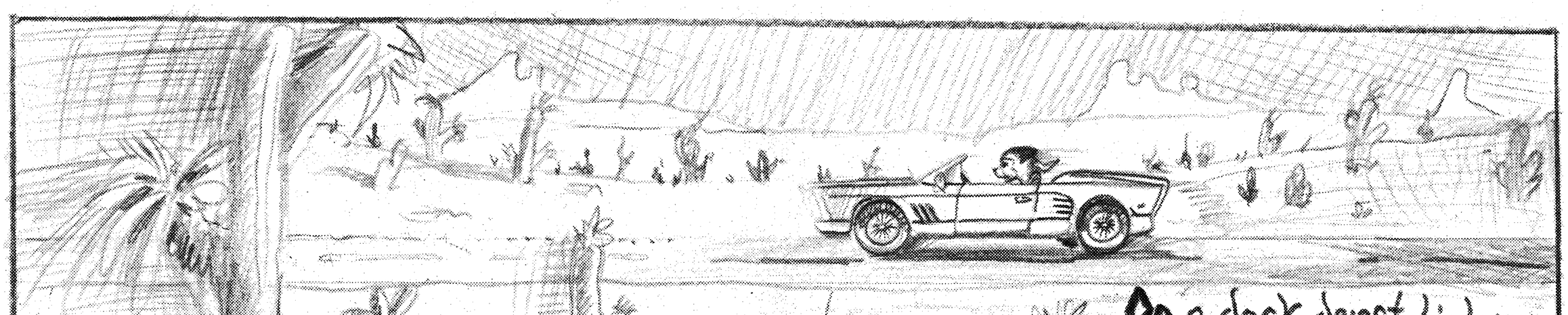
PRESENTS

The Eagles "Hotel California"

© Warner Music ℗ 1976 Elektra / Asylum Records

ILLUSTRATED IN
SUPER PANADRAW 200
· A BEIRO PRODIGIUM ·





... cool wind in my hair,

Warm smell of colitas...

... rising up through the air.

Up ahead in the distance...

... I saw a shimmering light,

my head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,

I had to stop for the night.

There she stood in the doorway...

... I heard the mission bell,

... and I was thinking to myself,

this could be heaven?

and this could be hell?

Then she lit up a candel, and she showed me the way...

there were voices down the corridor...

I thought I heard them say...

"Welcome to the Hotel California!"

"Such a lovely place! Such a lovely place!"

Such a lovely Face...

...plenty of room...

...at the Hotel California."

"Any time of year, any time of year, you can find it here."

Her mind is Tiffany twisted,

HTLCLFN

...she got the Mercedes-Benz.
(HUH!)

She got a lotta pretty, pretty boys...

...that she calls "friends".

How they dance in the courtyard...

...sweet summer sweat.

...some dance to forget.

Some dance to remember...

So I called up the captain,

"Please bring me my wine."

He said, "We haven't had that spirit here...

...since 1969."

And still those voices are calling from far-r away...

...wake you up in the middle of the night...

...Just to hear them say...ay,

"Welcome to the Hotel California!"

SAUNA

"Such a lovely place!"

"Such a lovely place!"

SAUNA

"Such a lovely face."

?

Livin' it up at the Hotel California!

What a nice surprise...

...what a nice surprise...

Bring your alibis.

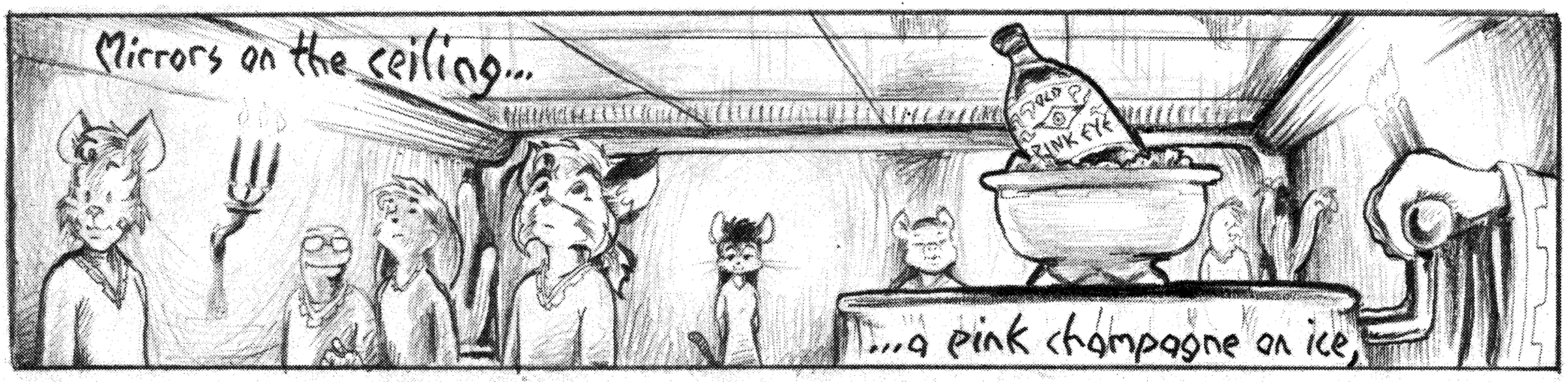
Hotel California

INVITATION

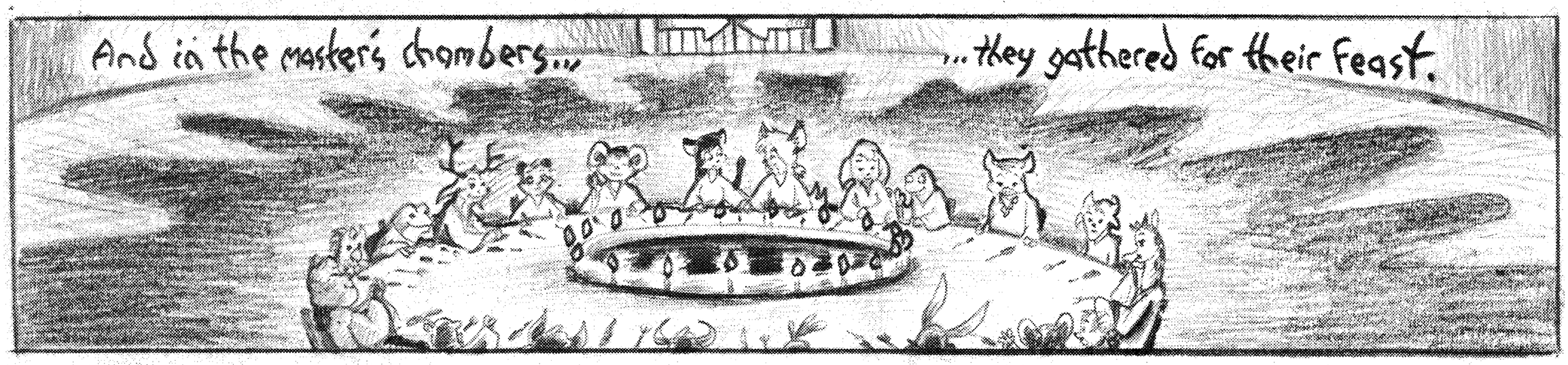
Free Midnight Repast

Management Courtesy

Please Wear Robe


Mirrors on the ceiling...
...a pink champagne on ice,


and she said,
"We are all just prisoners here, of our own device."


And in the master's chambers...
...they gathered for their feast.


They stab with their steely knives, but they just


can't kill the beast!

Last thing I remember, I was runnin' for the door...

...I had find the passage back...

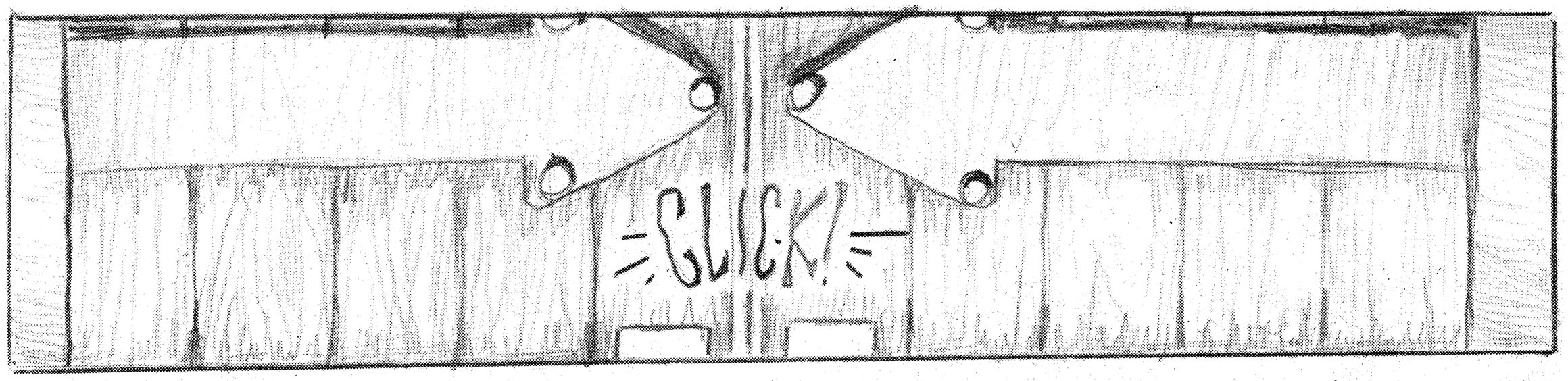
...to the place I was before.

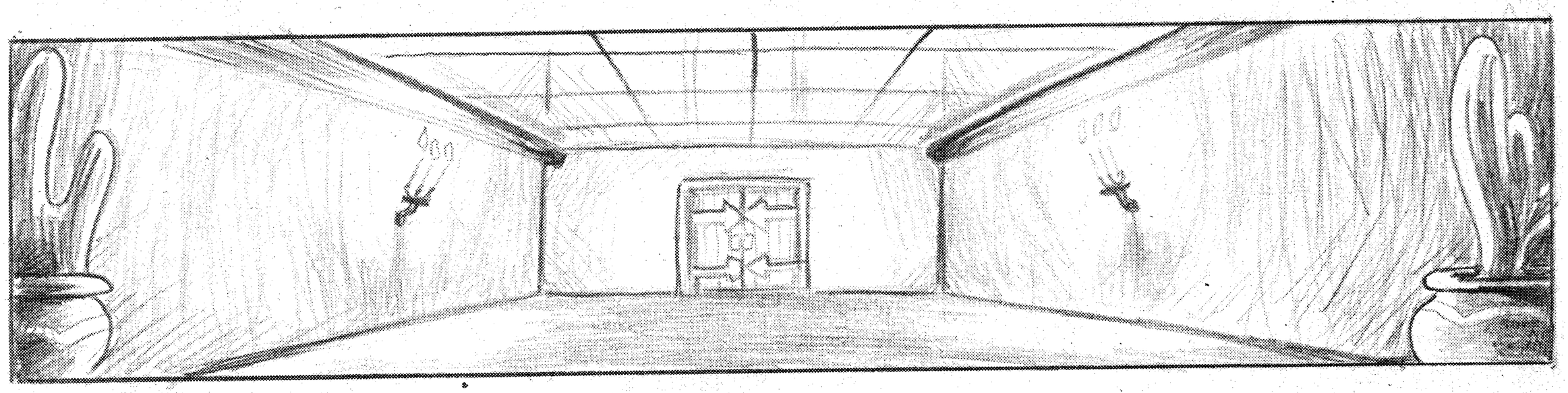
"Relax..." said the Nightman,

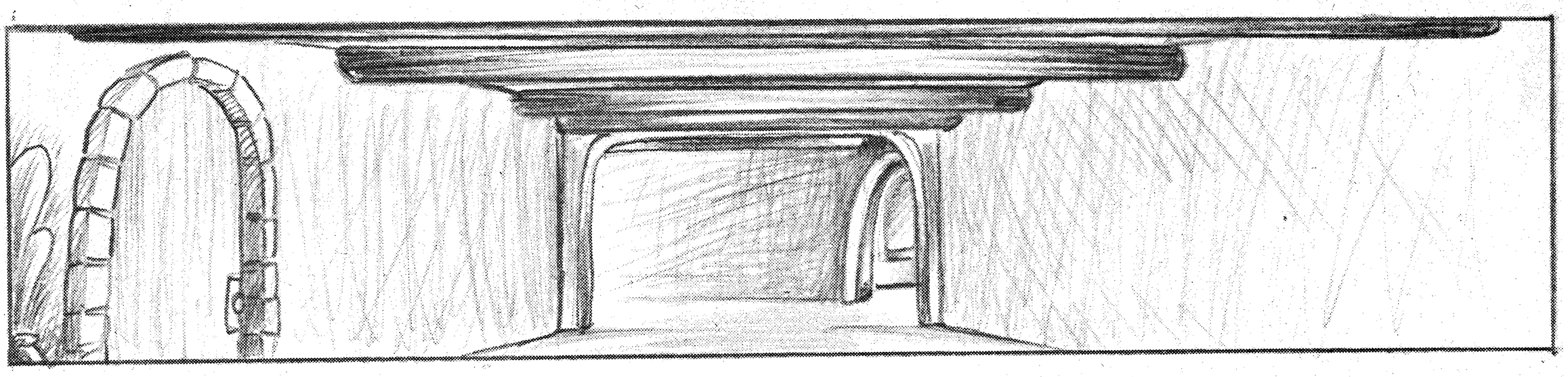
"...we are programed to receive."

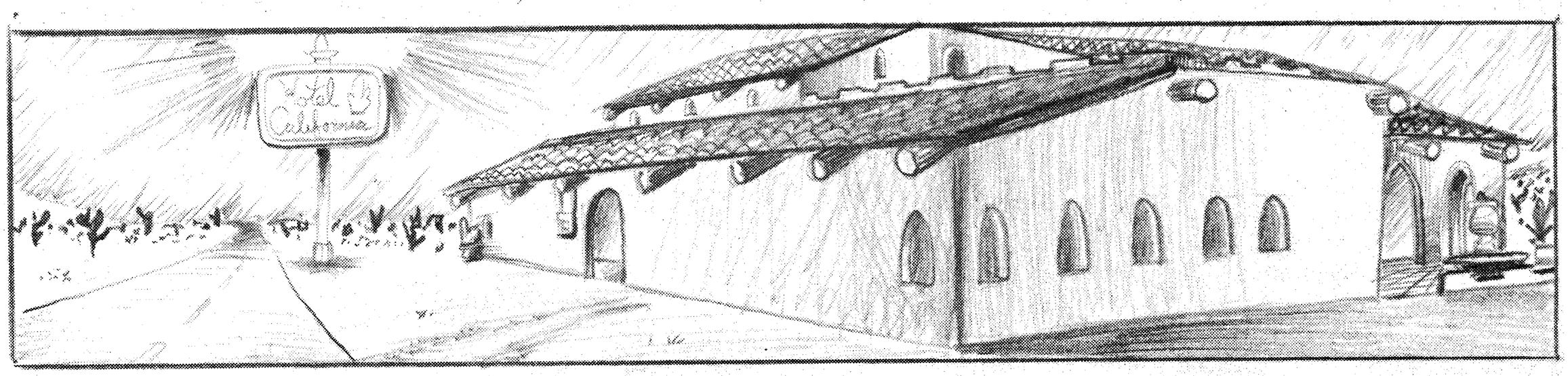
"You can check out anytime you like..."

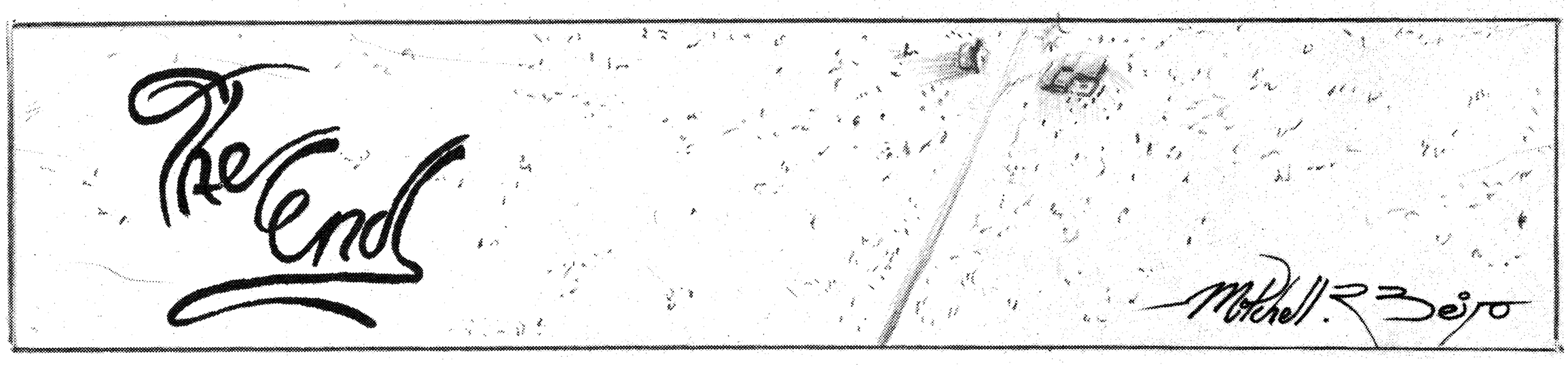
"...but you can never leave."


CLICK!








The End
Mitchell R Bejo

BEIRO 92'-94'

Steven Martin

Background

A professional illustrator, Mr. Martin's work has appeared in many places, including on the cover of our previous Issue. His line style is smooth and proficient, his coloring breathtaking.

Steve can be found at many conventions across the USA each year, selling high-quality photographic reproductions of his color artwork. He also has thick B&W catalogs of his artwork available for $5 each. Write to him for more info, and enclose a SASE for quick reply.

Commissioned Artwork

Mr. Martin accepts commissions! Price will vary according to the complexity of the requested piece(s).

Mr. Martin reserves the right to reject any commission request due to content, scheduling limitations or possible copy-right infringement of other's characters.

Mr. Steven Martin
12932 Yorba Street
Santa Ana, CA 92705













Robert Guthrie

Background

Mr. Guthrie is an extremely capable and talented individual. His excellent sense of composition and fine drawing style place him amongst the ranks of the most skilled artists depicted within this issue of the Journal. Unlike many other artists, maintaining a high level of detail and graphic density is not a chore; it comes naturally to him, and he would not consider pieces complete or "alive" without having them "properly" detailed. His work has appeared in our previous issue, as well as in numerous other publications.

Commissioned Artwork

Due to a pressing production schedule, Mr. Guthrie is temporarily not accepting commissions. However, you may write to him at the company address below, who will forward your letters to him. Should Mr. Guthrie resume accepting commissions, his rates will vary according to the complexity of the request.

Mr. Robert Guthrie, Artist
Med Systems Company
Post Office Box 580009
Flushing, NY 11358-0009





©1988 GUTHRIE


COSTUMES FOR HALLOWE
©1993 GUTHRIE

"**CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG**: WE'RE IN ORBIT AROUND 20TH CENTURY EARTH, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL TIME WARP. WE'RE HERE TO STUDY THIS PERIOD OF HISTORY, IT'S COSTUMES AND BEHAVIOURS..."

"...THE **CAPTAIN** HAS ORDERED COSTUMES MADE FROM THIS PERIOD, TO EASILY BLEND WITH LOCAL INHABITANTS. THE **AWAY TEAM** HAS BEAMED DOWN TO A LOCATION PROPER TO THOSE COSTUMES, A PLACE CALLED..."

"...THE **BEACH**..."

CAPTAIN...**WAS NOT** OUR LOCATION TO BE LOCATED NEAR A COASTAL REGION OF THIS PLANET?

MY GOD JIM!! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT FINE SPECIMEN!

FURSURE/FUR TREK © 1992 Robert Guthrie

KIRK TO ENTERPRISE: SCOTT... LOCK-ON TO OUR POSITION AND BE... READY TO **BEAM** US AS...

CRASH! POW!

JIM! THEY'RE **KILLING** THEMSELVES OVER THERE!

...SOON...?!! **BONES!!**

SPOCK! REMEMBER THE **PRIME DIRECTIVE**; MINIMUM INVOLVEMENT IN THIS!

"...AYE CAPTAIN..."

YOU THERE! STOP ACTING LIKE **SAVAGES**, FOR CHRIST' SAKE!

WHAM!

KILLING OURSELVES?! ARE YOU KIDDING? WE'RE JUST **PETITIONING THE CLASS!!**

FURSURE/FUR TREK © 1992 Robert Guthrie

FOLLOWING THIS MORNING'S STRANGE INCIDENT, **CAPTAIN KIRK** AND THE REST OF THE AWAY TEAM SEEM TO HAVE BEEN **"PETITIONED"** INTO AN...**ART CLASS!!**

Potatoe in Art

IN ACTUALITY **CAPTAIN**, THE BEST WAY TO LEARN ABOUT HISTORY IS TO **BECOME** PART OF IT

BUT NOT LIKE THIS, **SPOCK!**

WELL **GENTELMEN**, AS LONG AS WE ARE HERE, LETS MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

IN THIS CLASS... MY DEAR STUDENTS OF TODAY'S LIFE... DEATH AND... COSMOS ITSELF... WE WILL LEARN ABOUT THE DEEPER MEANI... ART ...
RPRETATION ...FROM THE JUXTAP...
HE ...FRAGMENTED PICTORIAL ...
NEWLY ...CRAFTED AND WORLD F...
D BYTHE SYNTHESIZED ...NEW YO...
CALLEDTHE "MALE FATALE" AND ME...
OVEMENT, THE STYLISTIC MULTI-AN...
DIAN EXPRESSIONISTIC POST MODERN WI...
RAL, SOCIAL NEW ...ECONOMICAL BUT DERIVE... HE... WHE...
ERWARE OF PERSPECTIVE... DIFFERENCE BR... ATE
...EXPRESSIONISM, MIXED WITH...
...L EXHIBITS... OR IF Y...
...OR THIS WILL BE SE...
...WERE NOT FOR THE...
...EXIBILITY OF T...
...LASSE...
...NAKED...
...HAT IN THE...
...EEN TRYING...
...MARINE, EX...
...RT?... NIS...
...LAND AN...

FURSURE/FUR TREK © 1992 Robert Guthrie

MY GOD JIM! **HE'S INSANE!!**

THIS IS **SOOO** HIGHLY ILLOGICAL

I CAN TELL THAT YOU GUYS HAVEN'T TAKEN THE **PREREQUISITES**

SO YOU GUYS ARE TRANSFERING FROM FRISCO?

FRISCO?

SAN FRANCISCO, SPOCK!

UH... WHY... **YES!** WE MOVED DOWN HERE BECAUSE OF THE BEACH...HES!

HEY! ARE YOU GUYS LOOKING FOR **PART TIME JOBS?** THE MONEY AIN'T GREAT, BUT IT HELPS WITH TUITION

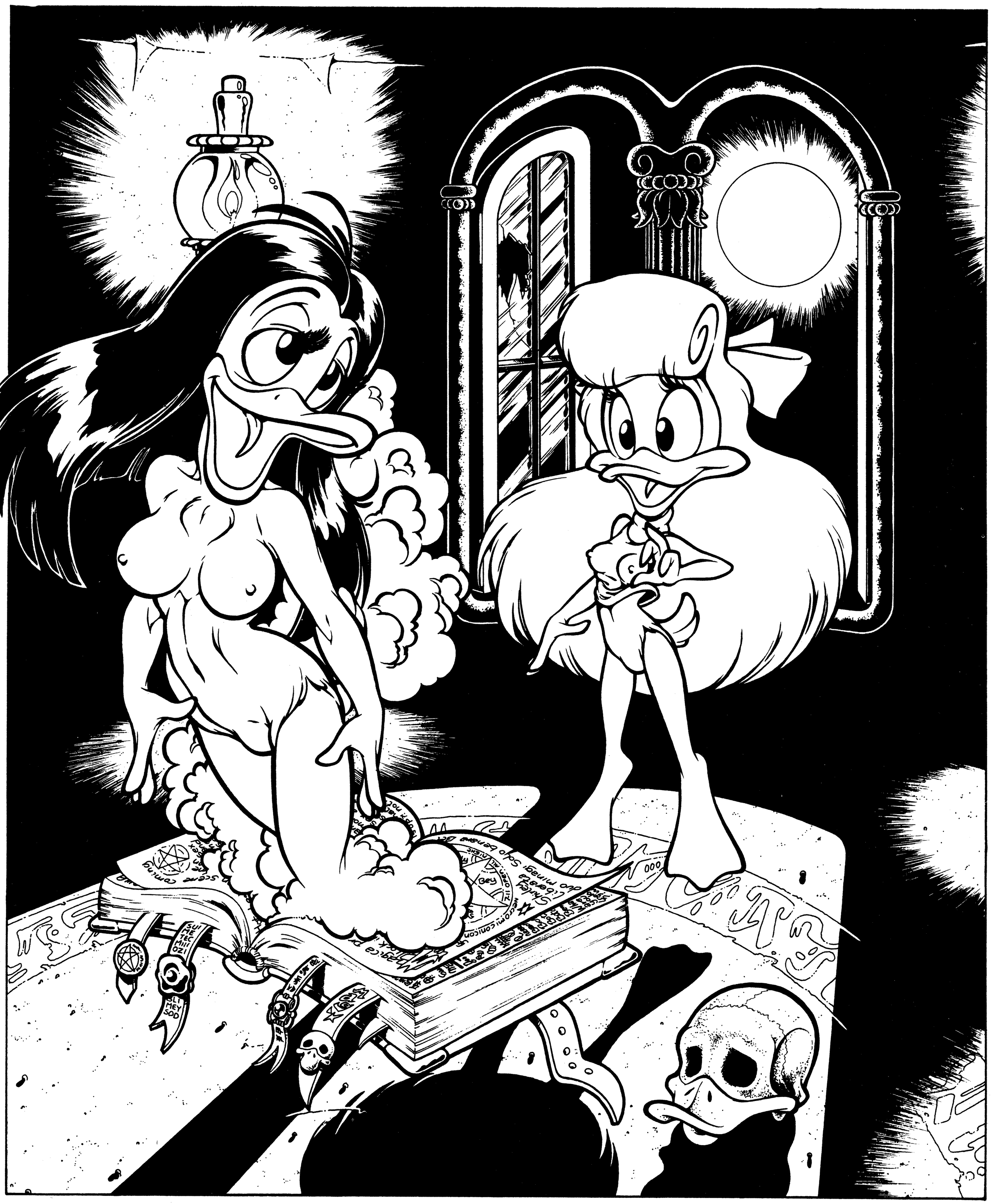
MONEY? WE DO NOT HAVE USE FOR MONEY

NOW THAT'S FUNNY! I BET YA THAT'S WHAT THE **GOVERNOR** SAID WHEN HE THOUGHT OF **C.S.U.L.B.'S BUDGET**

MY, SPOCK! **JOKES?** IS THE HUMAN IN YOU EXPRESSING HIMSELF?

PLEASE, DOCTOR, **NOT WHILE I AM EATING!**

FURSURE/FUR TREK © 1992 Robert Guthrie


SUI ME TEC MIII OZI
SLI MEY SOD

Eric Schwartz

Background

Widely known for his series of animations in the computer field featuring his character Amy the Squirrel, Eric has appeared in Issue #1 of the Journal, as well as elsewhere. He attends conventions all across the United States, including PhilCon and Confurence. A talented artist and animator, he has a promising future in the industry. Eric has a number of his animations available for sale on videotape, as well as many illustrations, some in color, for sale. Write to him for a comprehensive price list.

Commissioned Artwork

Eric does not often accept commissions, as he is kept busy with a heavy workload of existing projects. He manages to take on an occasional one now and then, though, depending on his schedule. Prices vary according to the complexity of the requested piece(s).

Eric Schwartz
Eric Schwartz Productions
Post Office Box 292684
Kettering, OH 45429-0684



©1993 Eric W. Schwartz



DRAGON SLAIR

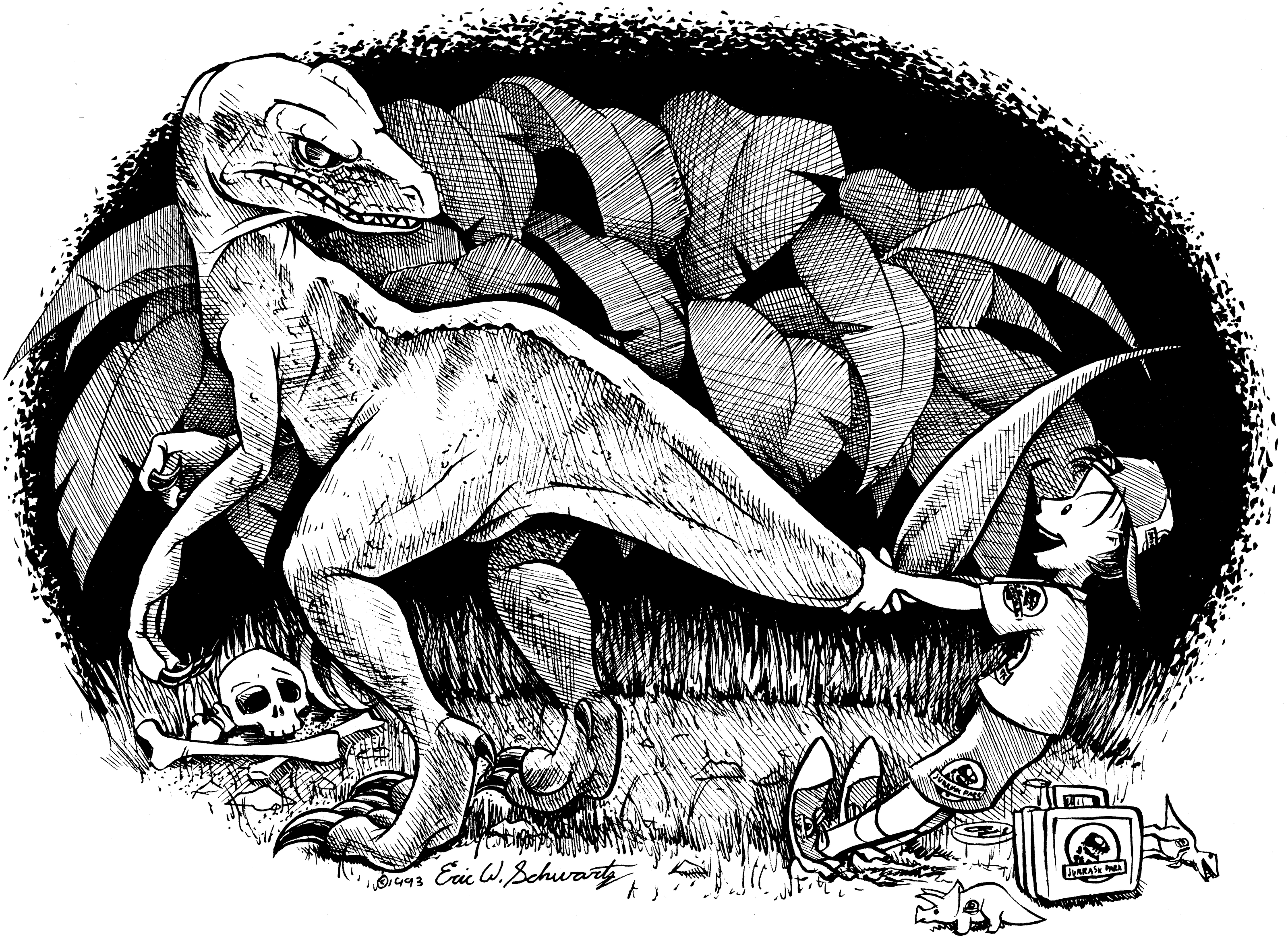
Flip + Clarisse ©93 Eric W. Schwartz

"Magic Sword" words by Claire Garza



Babysitting

©1994 Eric W. Schwartz



©1993 Eric W. Schwartz


XOXOX
Hug
Clarisse ©1993 Eric W. Schwartz


©1992 Eric W. Schwartz

Taral Wayne

Background

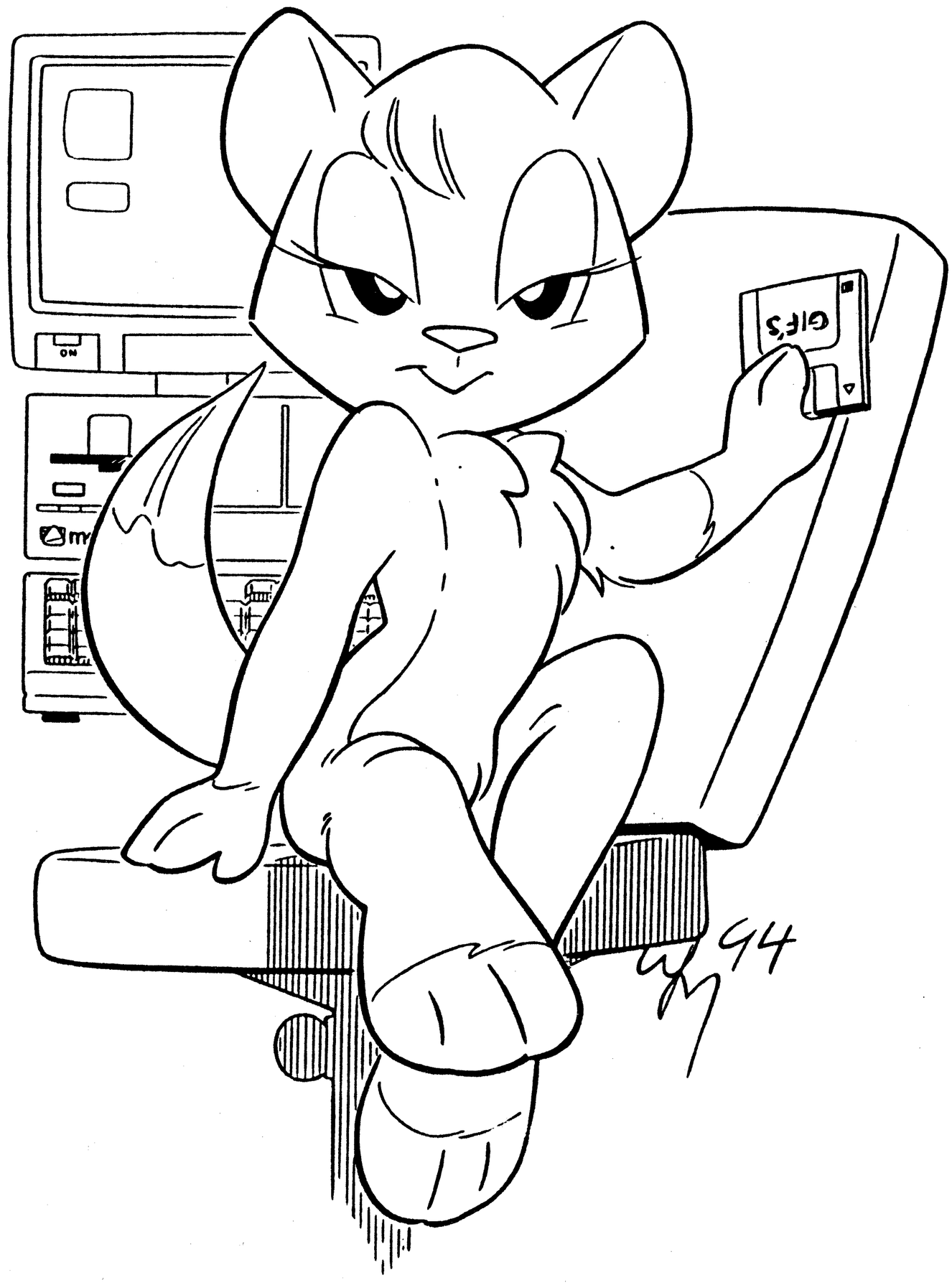
Taral Wayne emerged onto the art scene as a popular fan artist in the mid 1980's, although he had been drawing for quite some time before that. Mr. Wayne is currently finishing drawing and inking of the story of Beatrix Farmer, a character invented by Steve Gallacci, author/artist of Albedo. It will be published by Mu Press, and looks to be spectacular! Mr. Wayne attends many conventions across the country each year, including PhilCon, Confurence and the San Diego ComiCon.

Commissioned Artwork

Mr. Wayne is currently accepting commissions. His rates will vary according to the type, complexity and level of detail in the artwork requested.

Mr. Wayne may be directly contacted at:

Mr. Taral Wayne
245 Dunn Avenue #2111
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M6K 1S6





TOYS

KILTS & SPORRAN
MACDONALD TARTAN
SMALL

SOVIET SHUTTLE
BURAN

Get Furry
T-SHIRT

corsage

T&T
ALBE
THE ROLE PLA

SLOT CAR




ROUTE MAP
Read
in the
DAILY
F770
TANGEL
WILLOW RUN
innuendo
WILLOW RUN
.125
BARK
ROBERT WILSON
OSTICK

Roy D. Pounds II

Background

Mr. Pounds entered the anthropomorphic art field a little over seven years ago, finding the ofttimes overlooked genre the perfect creative outlet for his story writing. He enjoys writing and drawing stories with a slight science-fiction flavor, as well as anachronism and whimsy.

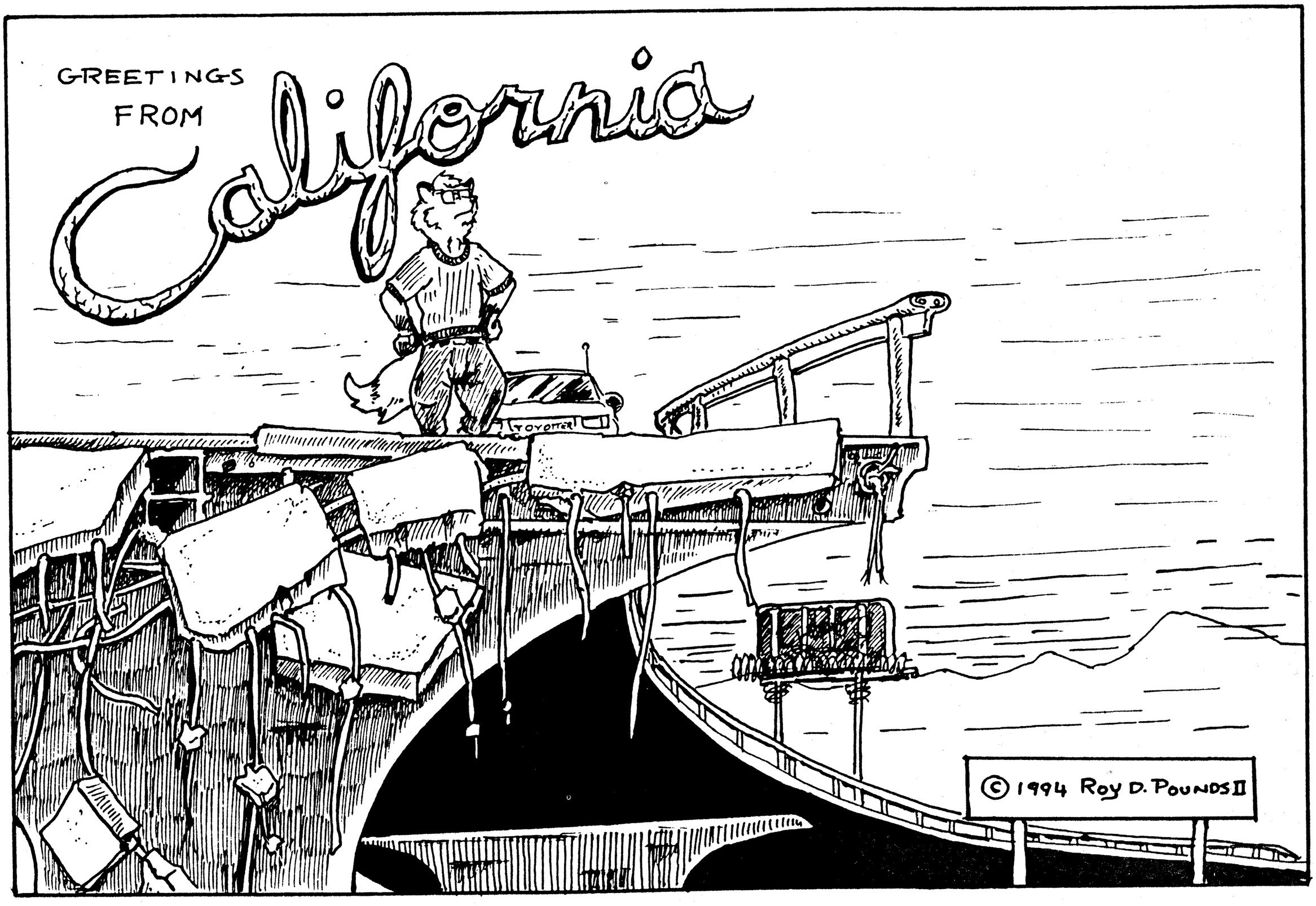
Roy Pounds has been published in numerous APA's and Fan publications popular on the West Coast.

Commissioned Artwork

Mr. Pounds is currently accepting commissions at the following rates (send SASE for more details):

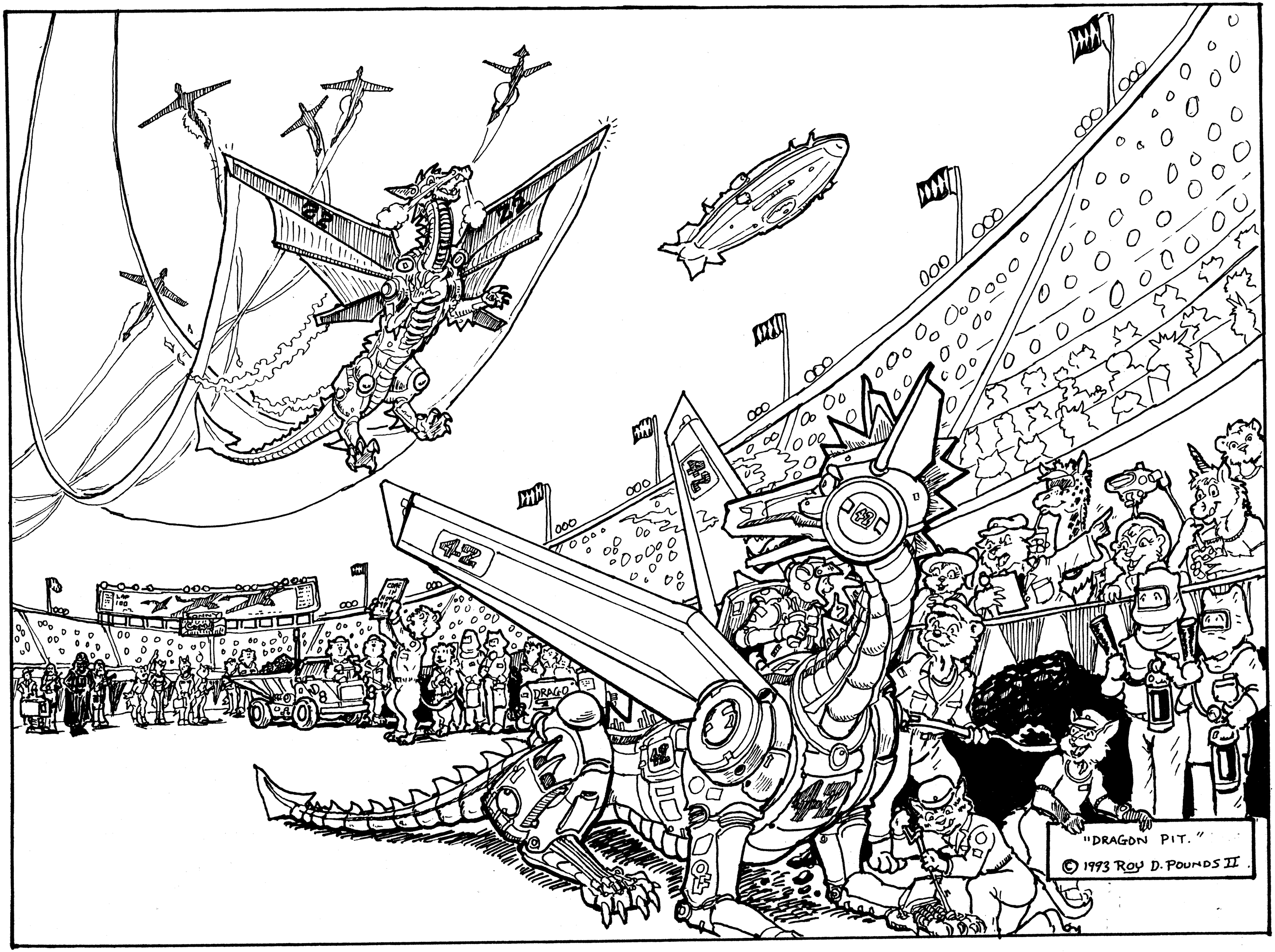
1 Character(s) B&W Inked	$ 10
2 Character(s) B&W Inked	$ 15+
1 Character(s) Color Pencil	$ 20
2 Character(s) Color Pencil	$ 25+

Mr. Roy D. Pounds II
563 East Tenth Street
Azusa, CA 91702



OFF THE ONRAMP TO NOWHERE.


"OTTERA" © SCOTT ALSTON
1991 Roy D. Pounds II


42
42
42
42
DRAGO
"DRAGON PIT."
© 1993 ROY D. POUNDS II


DEPARTURE DELAYED
© 1993 ROY D. POUNDS II


© 1993 Roy D. Pounds II



A SIMPLE SONG

Michele Light

Background

Michele Light has been drawing cute cartoons since she was little. She attended school at the Art Institute of Seattle and graduated in the fall of 1990. Since then she has been working as an animator with several companies, doing cartoons for television, computer games, home video and theatrical release. She is also one of the two regular artists for Mike Curtis's comic book "Shanda the Panda", published by Antarctic Press. Michele only began drawing animal characters a little over a year ago, but already has a large fan following.

Commissioned Artwork

Commissions are always welcome, and start at $40.00, final price determined by the amount of complexity and detail requested in the work.

Michele also has portfolios of her art available for purchase. Write to her at the following address:

Michele Light
10365 Brookhurst Lane
San Diego, CA 92126




©'NI LIGHT


FOR YOU
93
©M LIGHT


OKAY
©IM
LIGHT


LIGHT
©PN
LIGHT



Kevin Vetrone



Background

Kevin Vetrone, a senior character design artist at a major animation studio and Vito Bianca, a fellow artist, manage Rock Soup Studio, a company which is currently publishing the saga known as *Sleepers*.

Sleepers tells a complex, epic tale of an immense Nazi movement awakening in contemporary America after decades of deep, silent covert activity.

This tense thriller goes beyond Spiegelman's Maus, into the hatred that boils beneath a red, white and blue facade.

In order to raise a certain level of concern in its readers, Sleepers includes actual news clippings to illustrate the reality behind this epic, which sweeps from the 30's to the 90's.

Sleepers Parts I and II are available now. The next five pages are excerpted from Part III, currently under production.

Kevin is currently accepting commissions. His rates vary upon request.

A selection of color prints are available for sale, as well as buttons, B&W prints and, of course, copies of Sleepers.

Sleepers Issues 1 & 2 Available

60 pgs, printed on 70 lb. paper, with a Full Color Cover

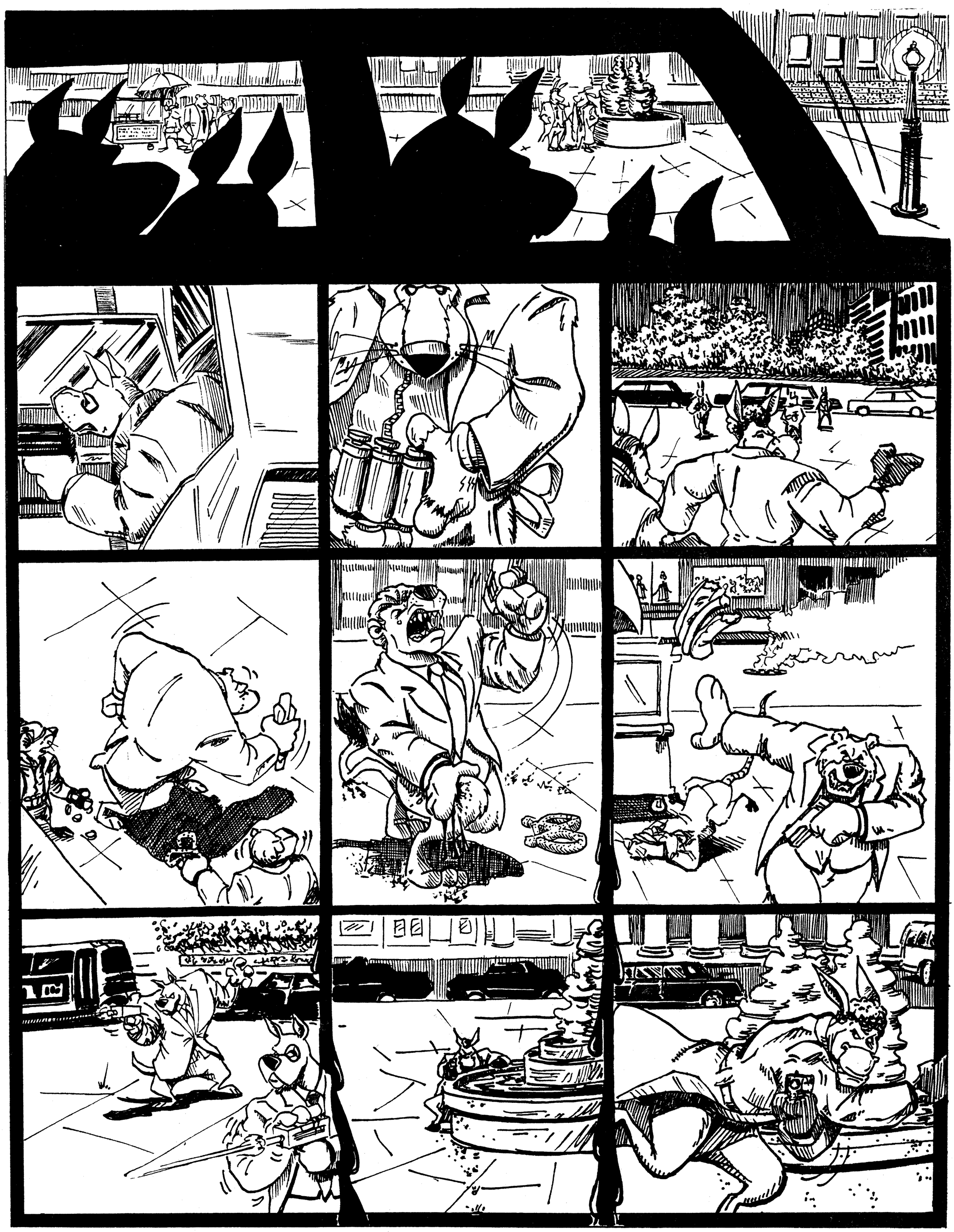
$7.95 + $1.50 Shipping Each

Rock Soup Studio
Post Office Box 881
Wappingers Falls, NY 12590

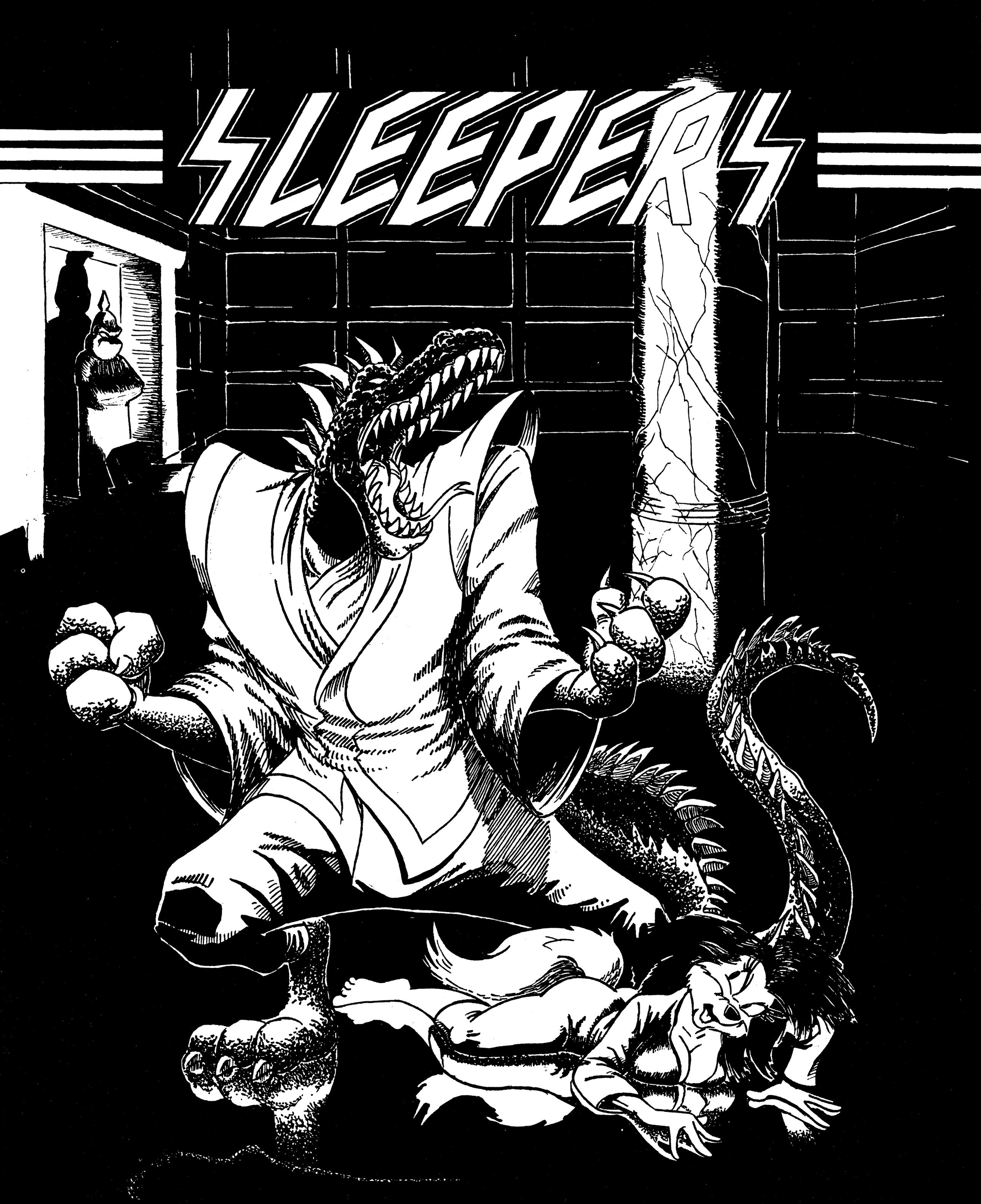








SLEEPERS



Tom Verre

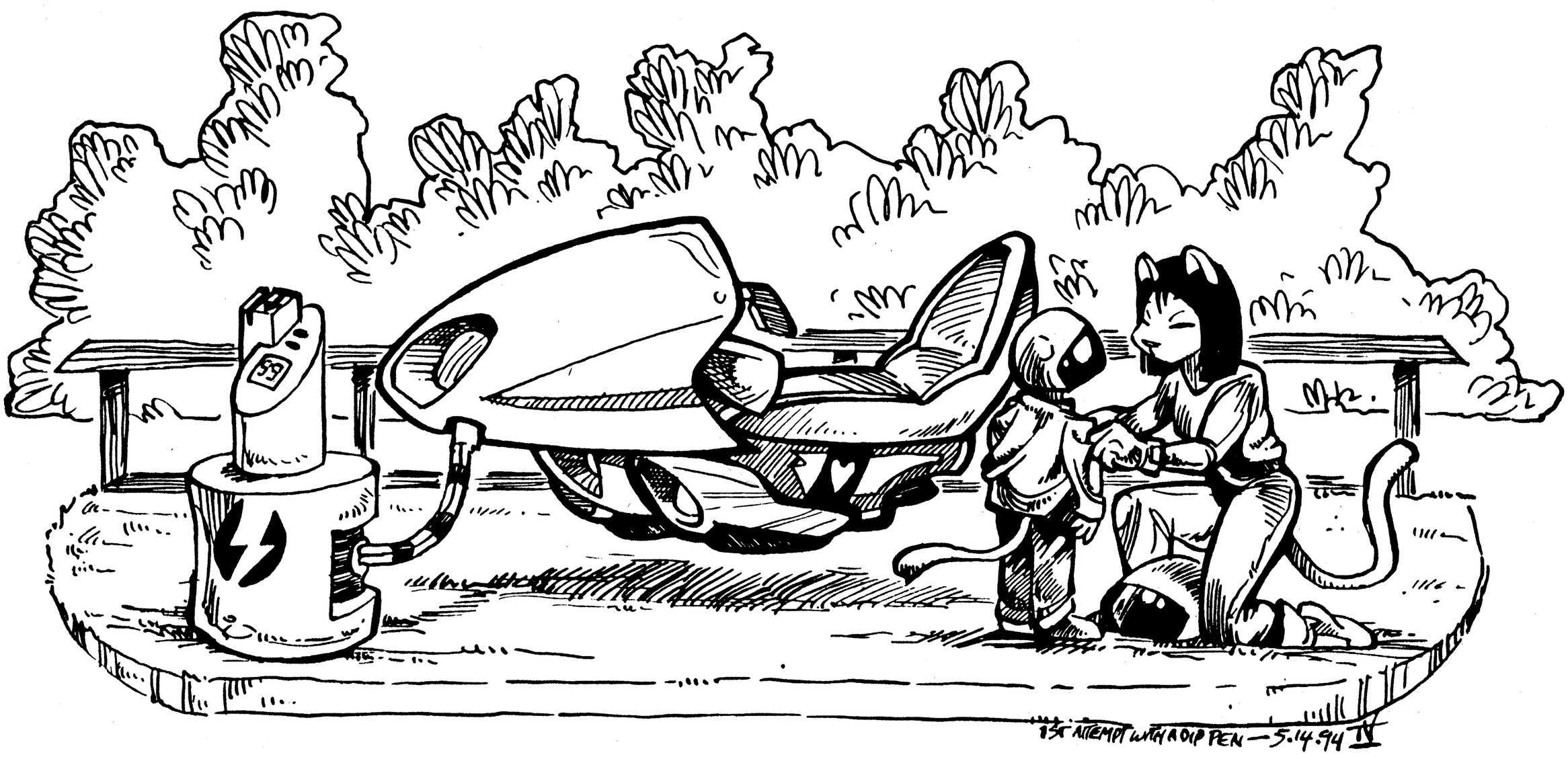
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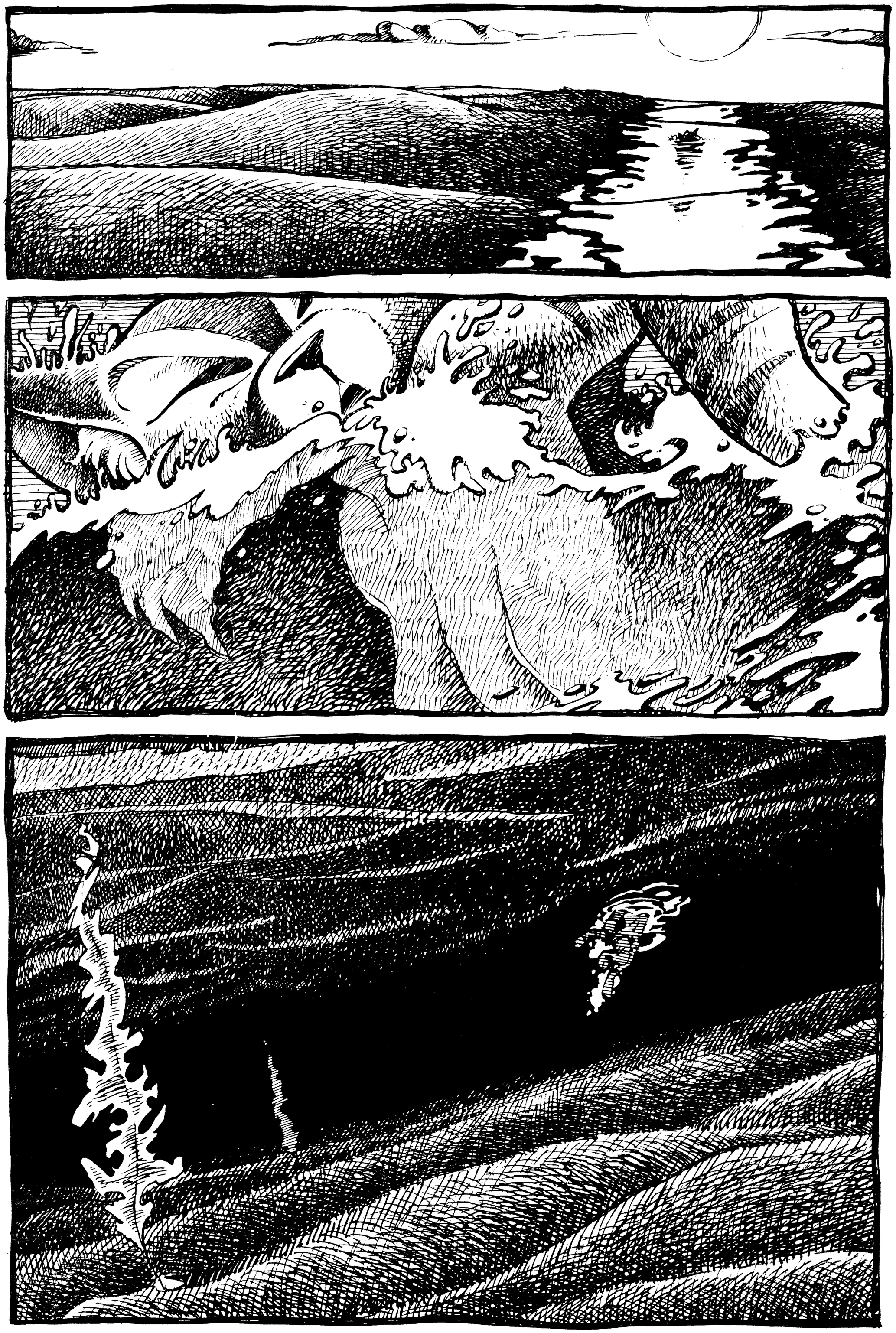
Tom spent 4 1/2 long years in school, majoring in fine arts and minoring in art history, studying anatomy, water media techniques and desktop publishing. Since then he has worked in the comics/ publishing field as a writer, artist, inker, editor box loader/unloader... Most memorable would be the time spent with Viz Communications coloring *Silent Mobius* and *Ranma 1/2*. Those were the days. Currently Tom works on odd projects and freelances to pay the bills.

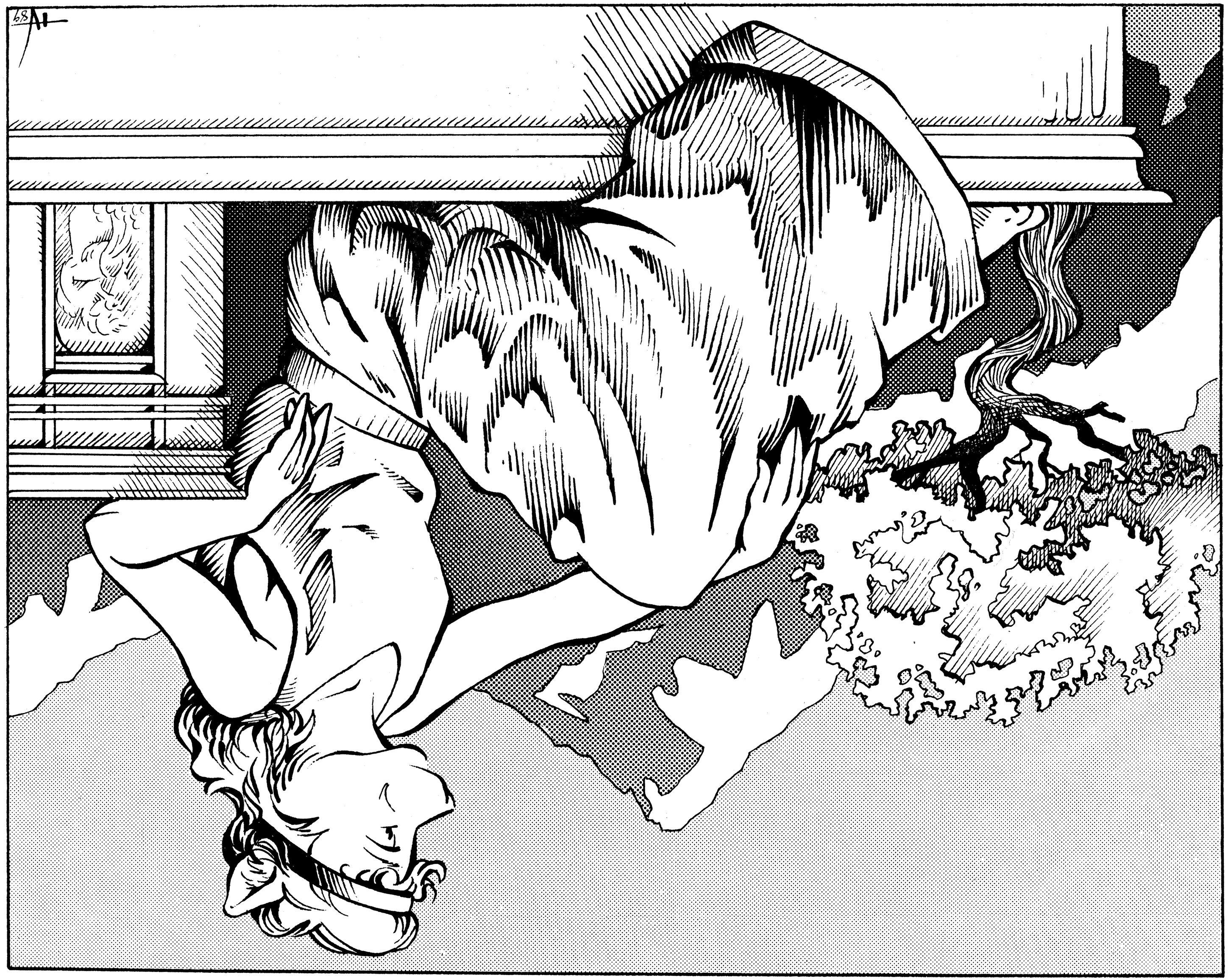
Commissioned Artwork

After a year and a half-long hiatus, Tom is once again accepting commission requests. Prices vary according to medium, size and complexity. Quotes available upon request. Write to the following address for information regarding commissions or products. For rapid reply, please enclose a SASE.

Tom Verre
117 E. Louisa Street #216
Seattle, WA 98102-3203













Dan Flahive

Background

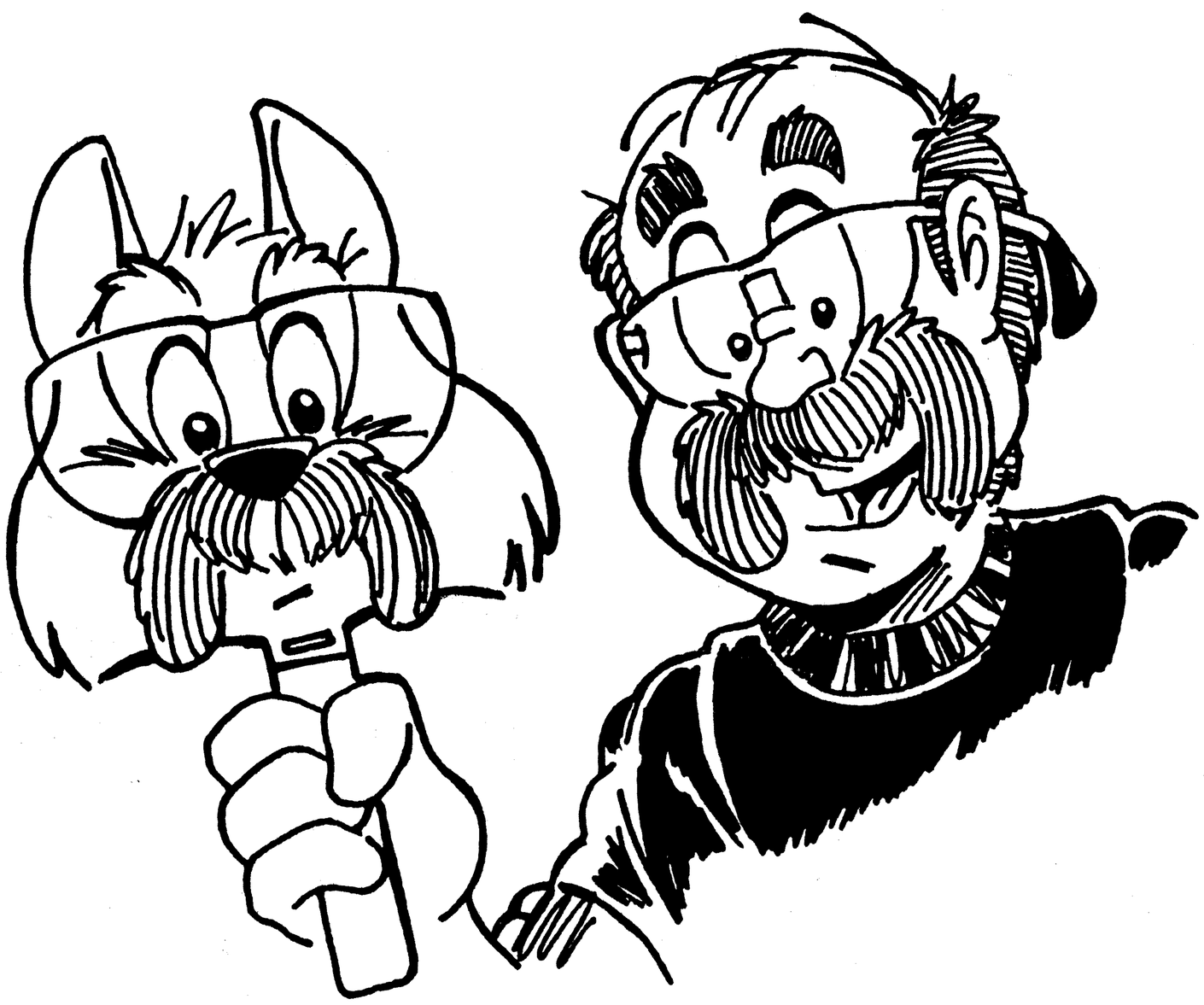
Technical Illustrator by trade, father by choice, and funny animal cartoonist for the sheer fun of it. Apart from creating **Space Wolf** (which is being resumed after an 18-month hiatus), Dan is also working on two new series, "**A Brief Moment of War**" (a spin-off of Space Wolf), which chronicles the second Canis/Ursa War, and "**Scarlet City**", a story about two homicide detectives (a human and a genetically altered wolf) who must find and stop a sadistic killer in a futuristic Phoenix, Arizona. Dan is also completing a series of color renderings featuring the animal Kachina deities of Arizona's Hopi Indians.

Commissioned Artwork

Due to familial responsibilities, his job at BF Goodrich and the aforementioned projects, Dan is not accepting any commissions at this time.

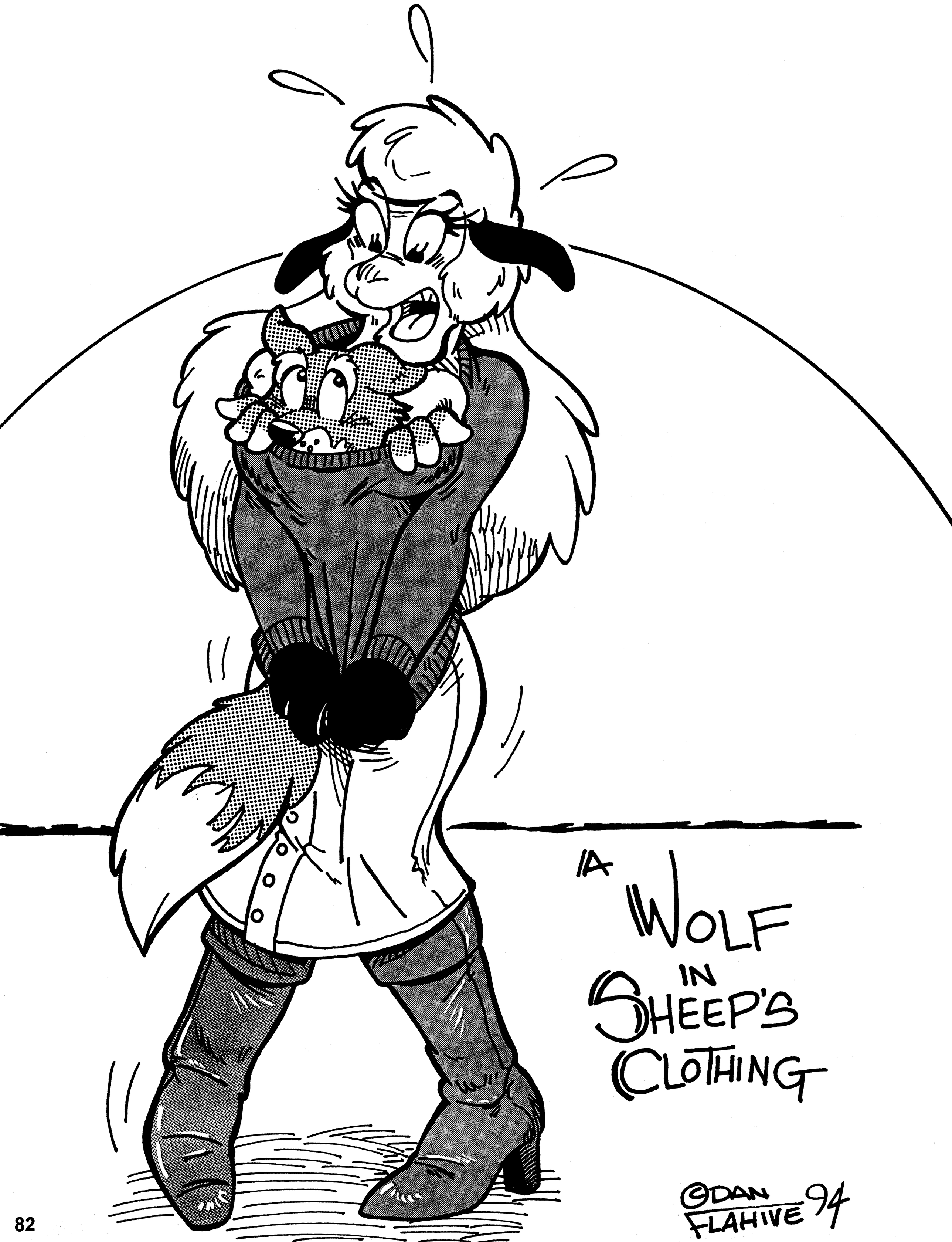
However, Dan may be contacted by writing to the address below (who will forward those letters to him). Dan admits that he is famous for not answering letters from his fans, a slight character flaw that he has promised to change in the future.

Mr. Dan Flahive, Artist
Med Systems Company
Post Office Box 580009
Flushing, NY 11358-0009

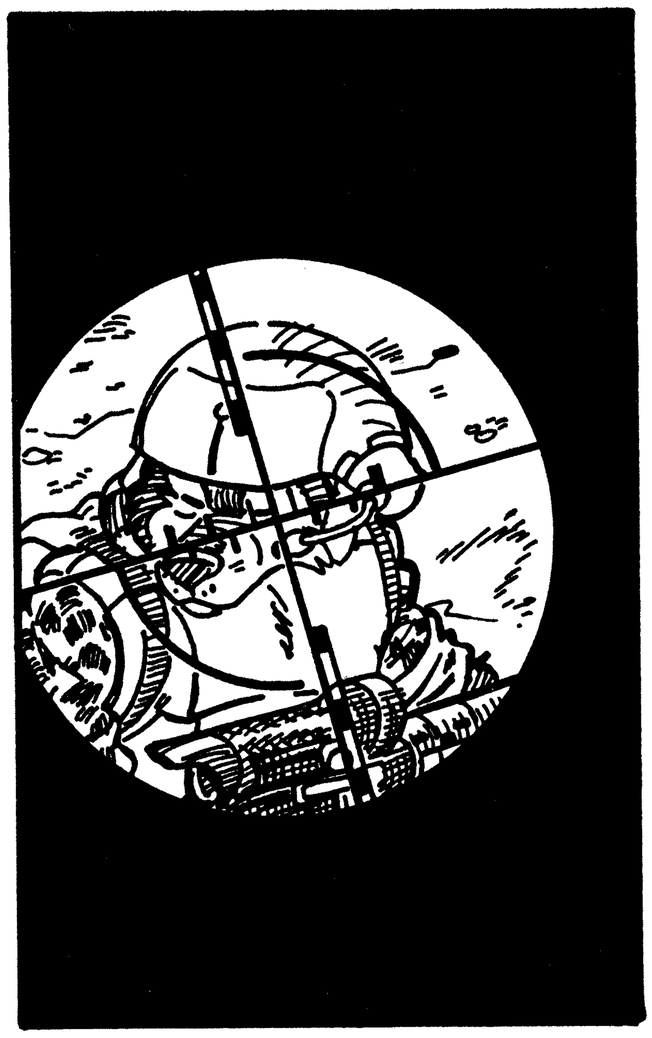


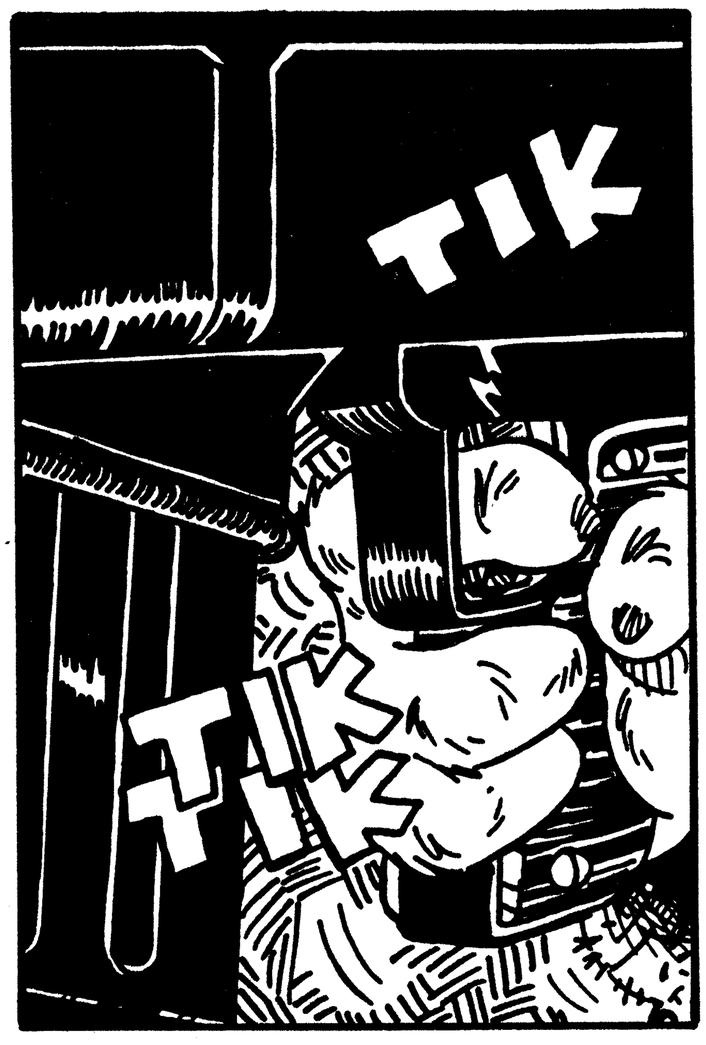

©DAN
FLAHIVE
94

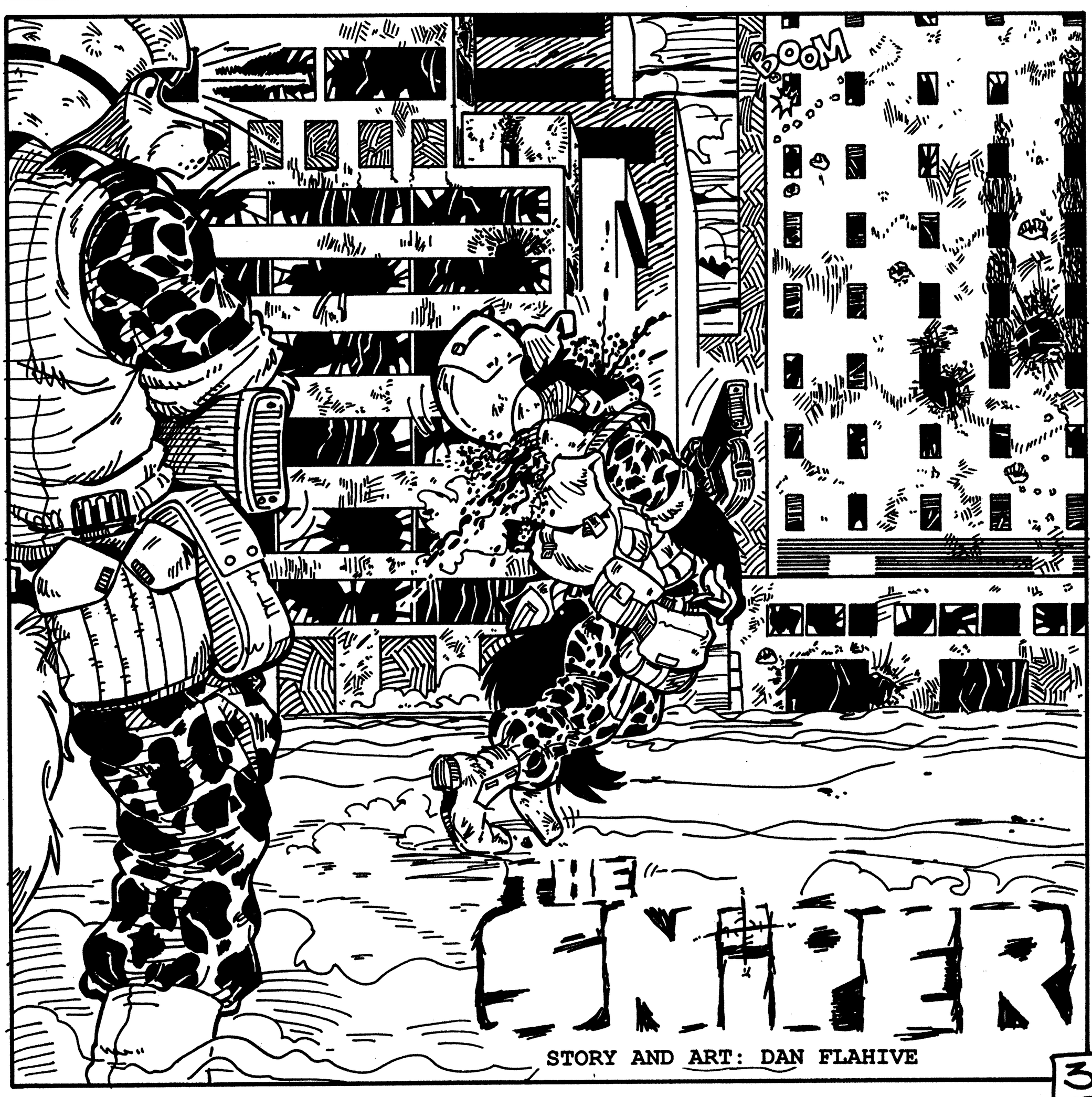

©1 DAN
T LAHIVE
94


A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING
©DAN FLAHIVE 94





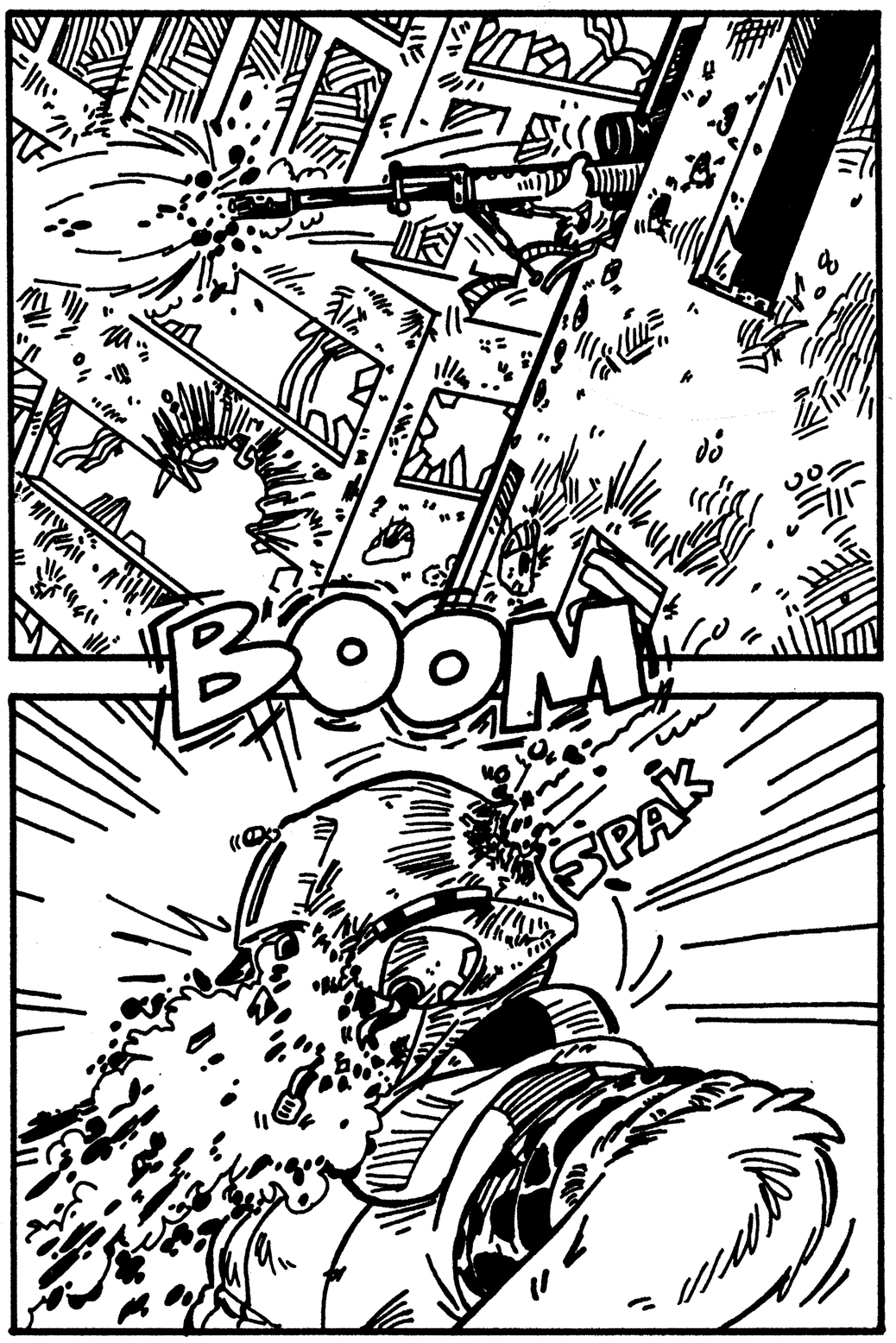


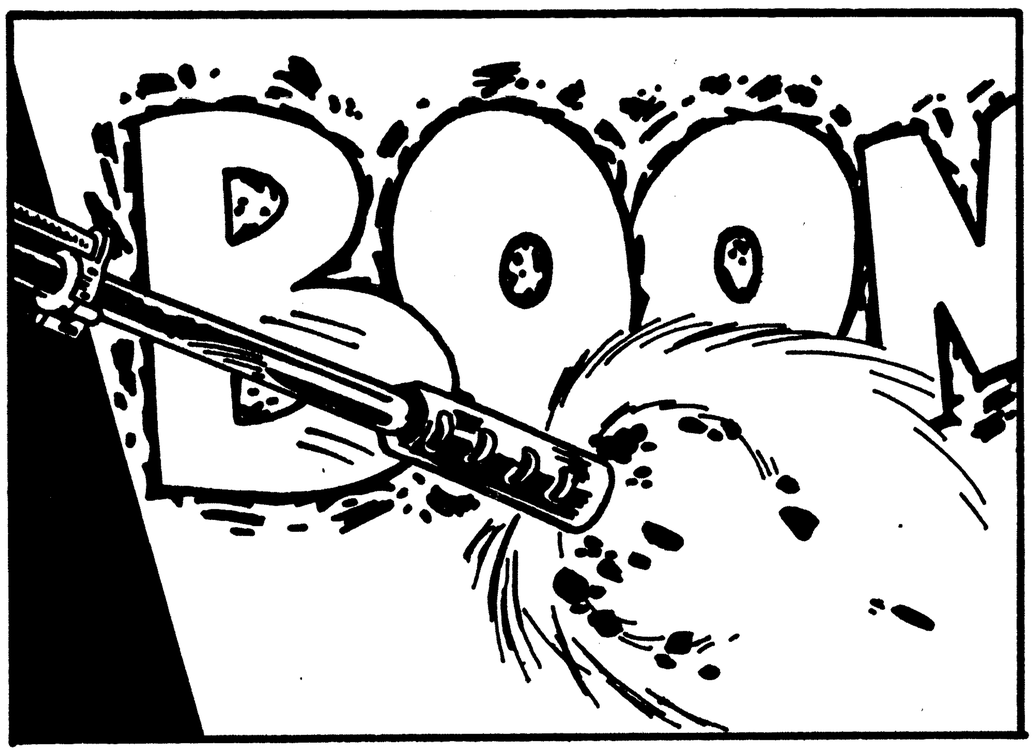


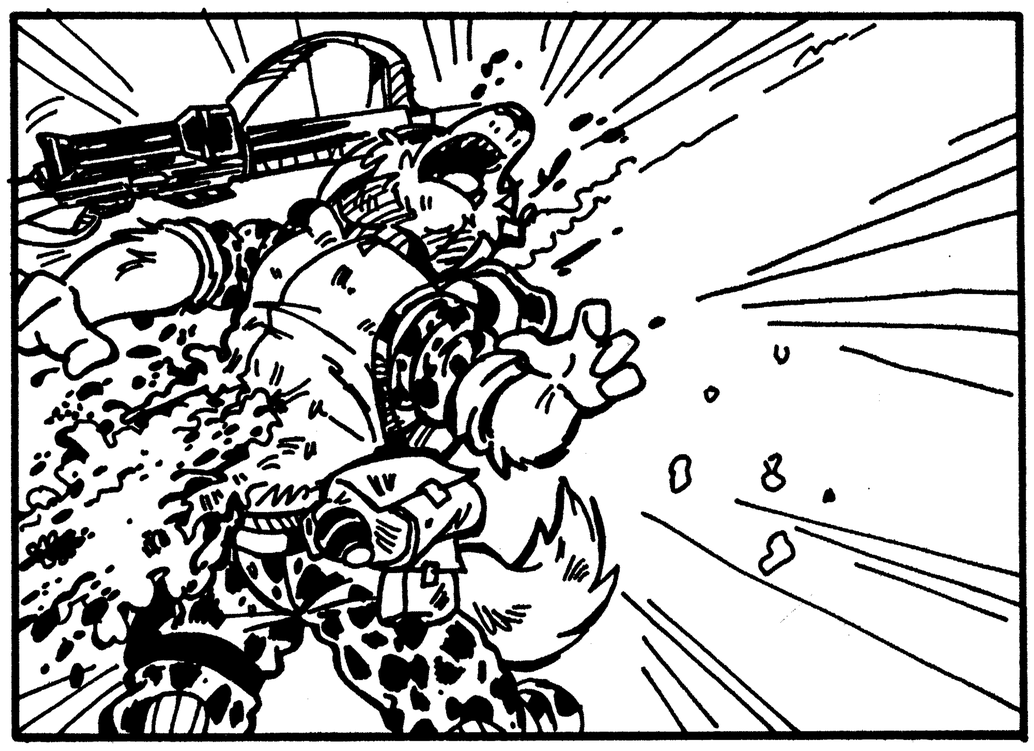
STORY AND ART: DAN FLAHIVE

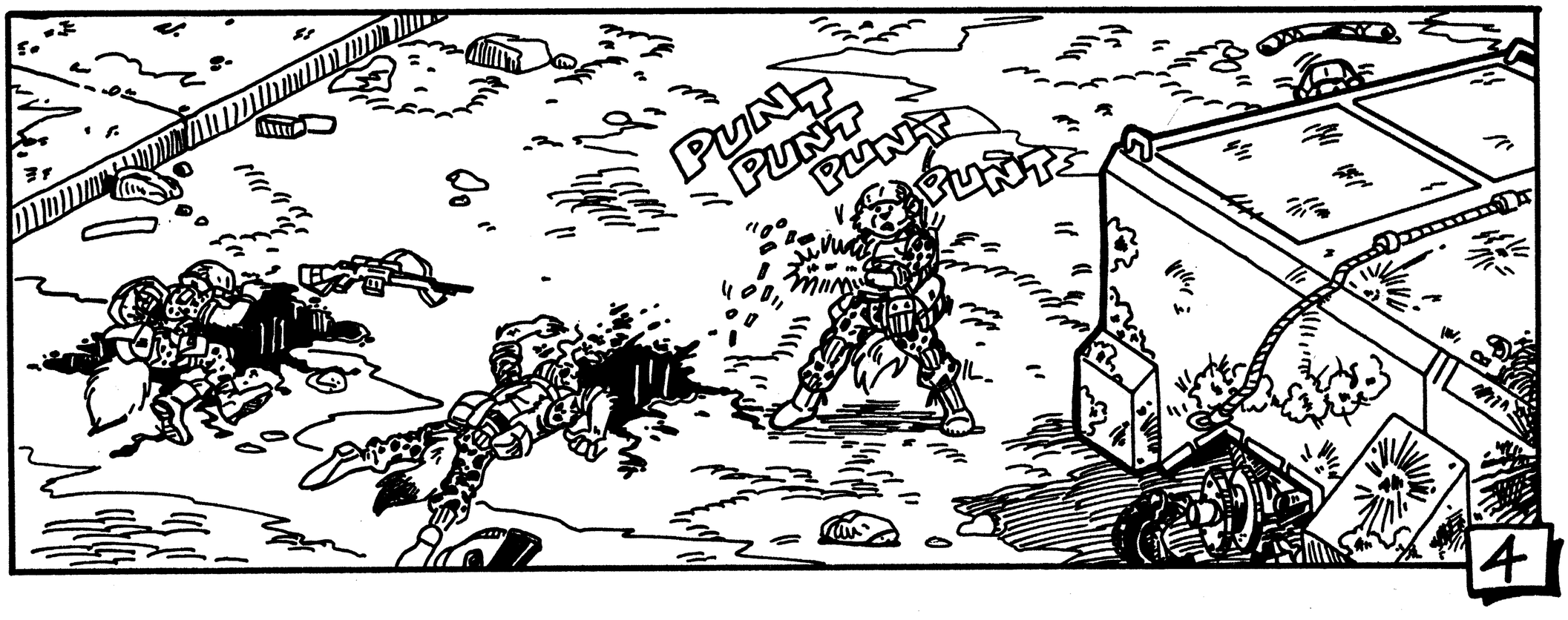
3




BOOM
SPAK


BOOM




PUNT
PUNT
PUNT
PUNT
4

Michael Flynn

Background

Michael Flynn has an intriguing style of illustration, consisting of a delightful blend of fine linework and crosshatching. Although capable of many different styles, it should be noted that he is one of a very select few that combines the anthropomorphic and horror genres sucessfully. He is from the school of thought which requires realistic depiction, and his pieces all reflect a natural, compelling symmetry of form and function, perhaps attributing to his success in blending the genres.

Commissioned Artwork

Mr. Flynn is accepting commissions. Prices vary according to the complexity of a given request. He also has portfolios of his work available at reasonable prices.

MICHAEL FLYNN
WHITE WOLF STUDIO
SEATTLE, WA 98178

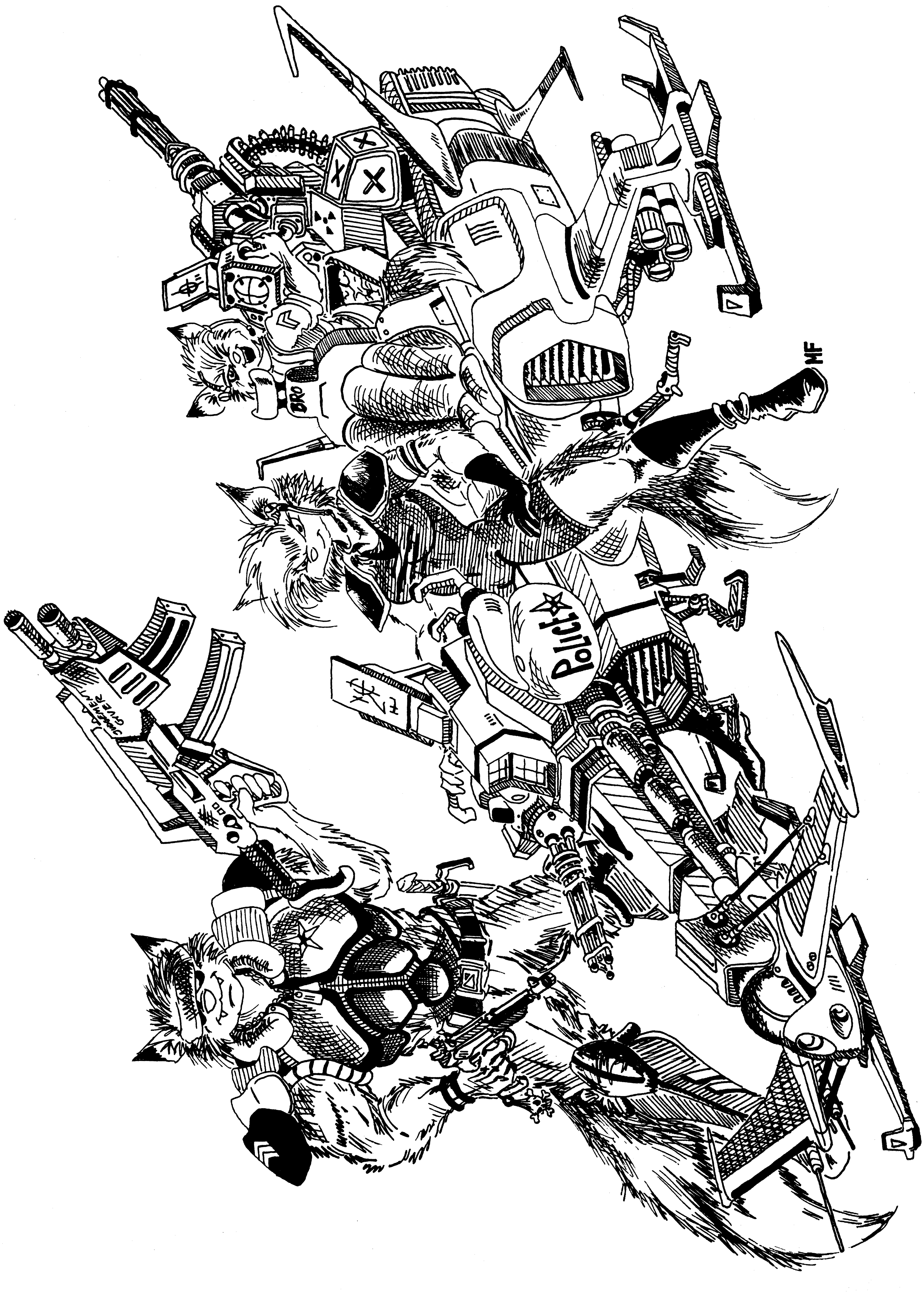
(206) 772-4044

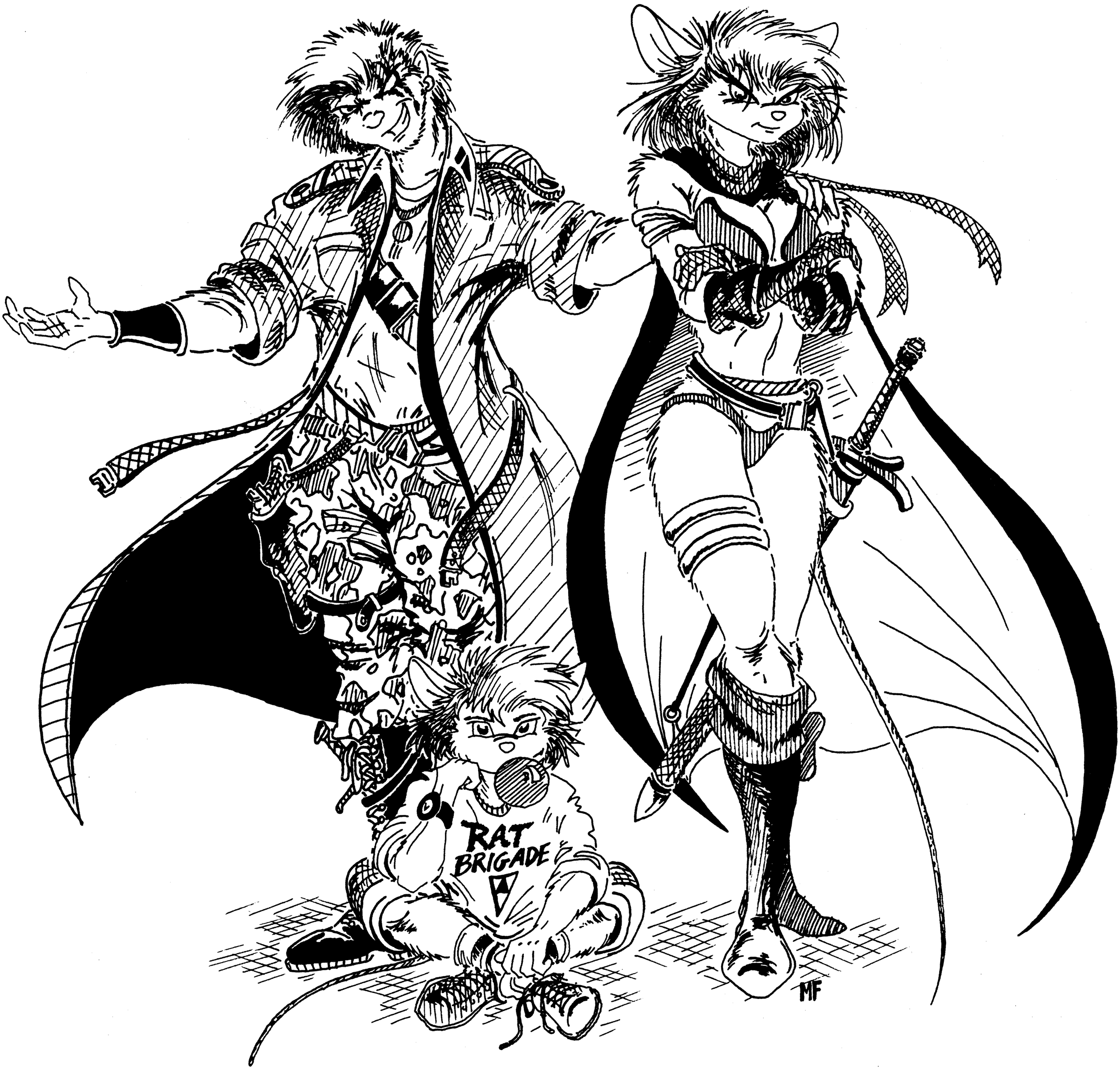



IN LO...
MEM...
GERMA...
SHEPA...
HEDI
MF


MF


MF


BRO
MF
POLICE
JUDGEMENT GIVER


RAT
BRIGADE
MF

Bryce Nakagawa

Background

Bryce Nakagawa has been drawing anthropomorphic characters since 1988. His artwork is most noted for its clean line symmetry, and use of heavy line art alternated with fine crosshatching.

Bryce can be found at GenCon, Origins, Confurence, PhilCon and the annual San Diego Comic Con and Bay Area Gaming Conventions. He does artwork for game companies and some silk screening. A catalog of his prints is available -- send a SASE for a catalog!

Commissioned Artwork

Bryce is accepting commissions. His rates vary according to the level of detail requested in any given piece.

Bryce will not draw any work that exceeds a rating of "R", and reserves the right to reject any commission request due to content or being personally uncomfortable with the subject matter.

Bryce Nakagawa
1317 Norton Street
San Mateo, CA 94401

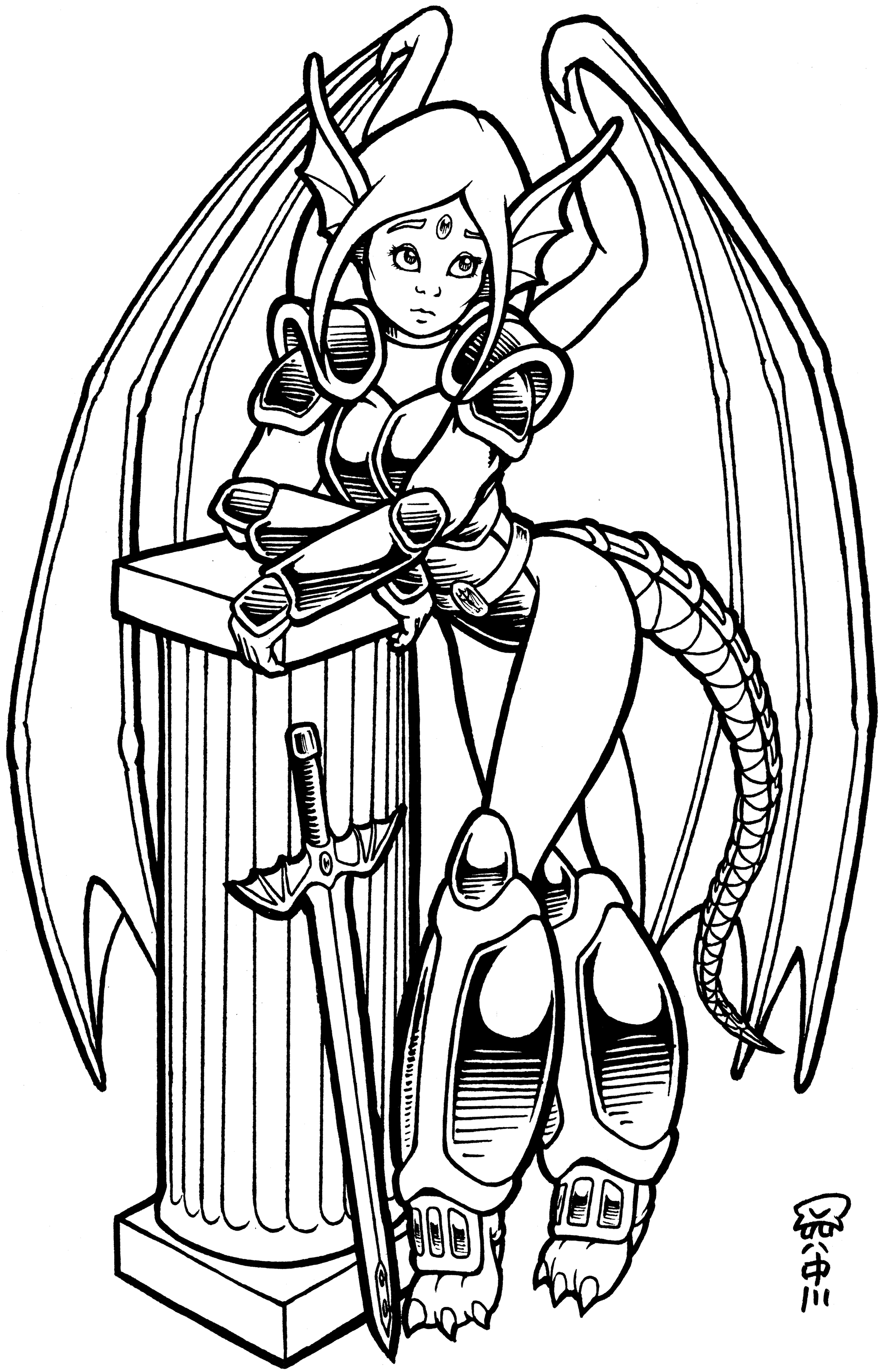


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盾中三


衆中三





Jay Shell

Background

Jay Shell has been drawing hybrid human/animals since the 1970's. He has been a member of the Artist's Publication "Rowrbrazzle", had his stories and illustrations published by Antarctic Press, Graph-X Press, Mu Press and Yarf! His artwork is most noted for his unusual crosshatching patterns, which give a appearance of fur & muscle contours.

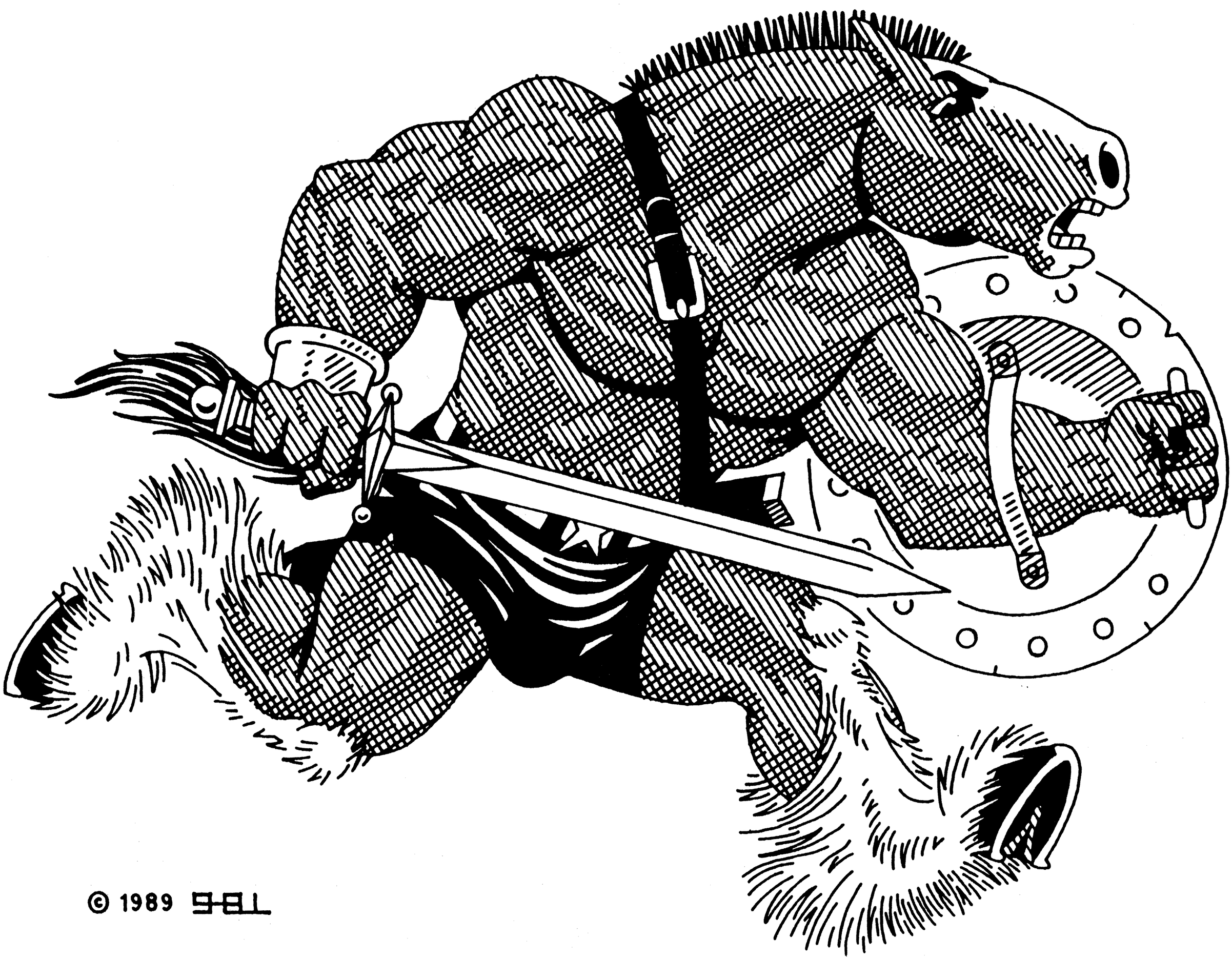
He uses Rapidographs for his B&W linework and acrylics for his color. He can be found at Confurence, PhilCon and the annual San Diego Comic Con.

Commissioned Artwork

Jay is accepting commissions. His rates are as follows for work up to a certain level of detail (he'll let you know when you exceed it):

8.5 x 11"	B&W Linework	$20
8.5 x 11"	Color	$30
11" x 14"	B&W Linework	$40
11" x 14"	Color	$60

Jay Shell
615 Liberty Street
Plainfield, NJ 07060-2113



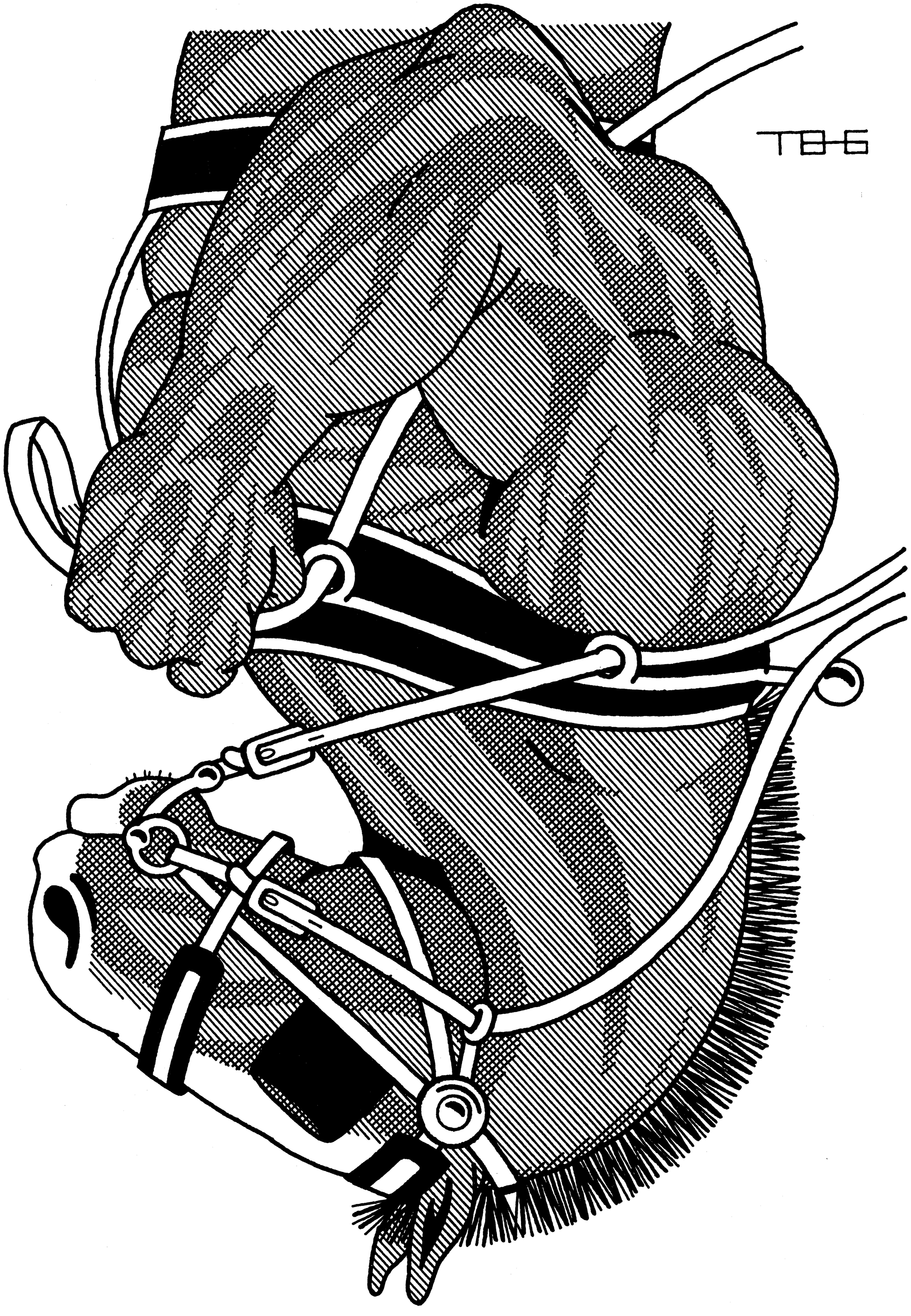
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T8-6

Diana Harlan Stein

Background

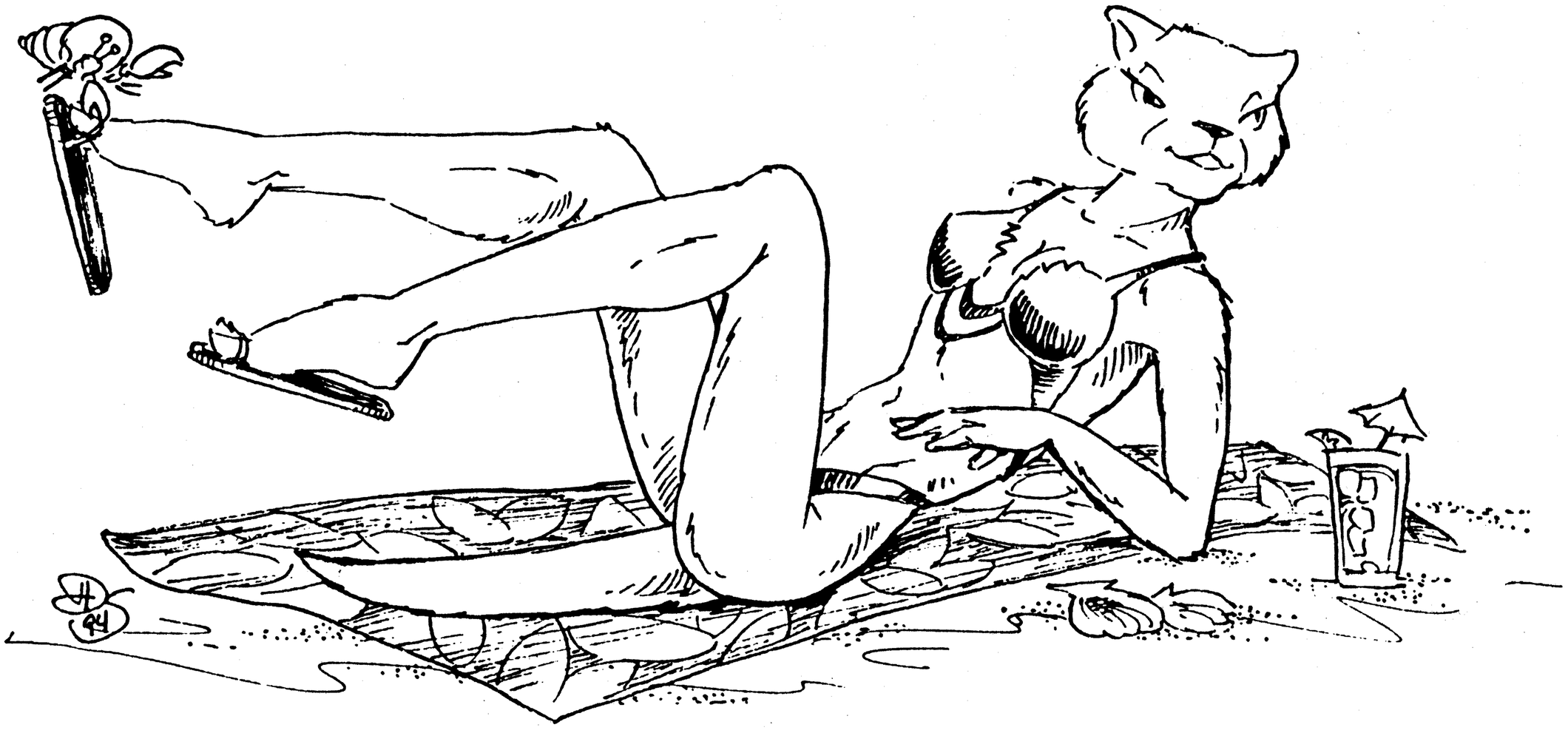
Diana is a three-time Hugo Fan Artist nominee, and can be found at most conventions in the Midwest under her characteristic hat with horns.

She has produced a publication similar to the Journal, though focusing on many different types of artwork, called "A Palette of Artists", containing 176 pages of B&W art with a glossy color cover. It is available through her or through most major booksellers.

Commissioned Artwork

Ms. Stein is currently accepting commissions. Prices will vary depending upon the complexity of the request. However, as she says, her prices are uniformly reasonable.

Diana Harlan Stein
1325 Key West
Troy, M. 48083









Horned Wolf Demon





Mark Mandolia

Background

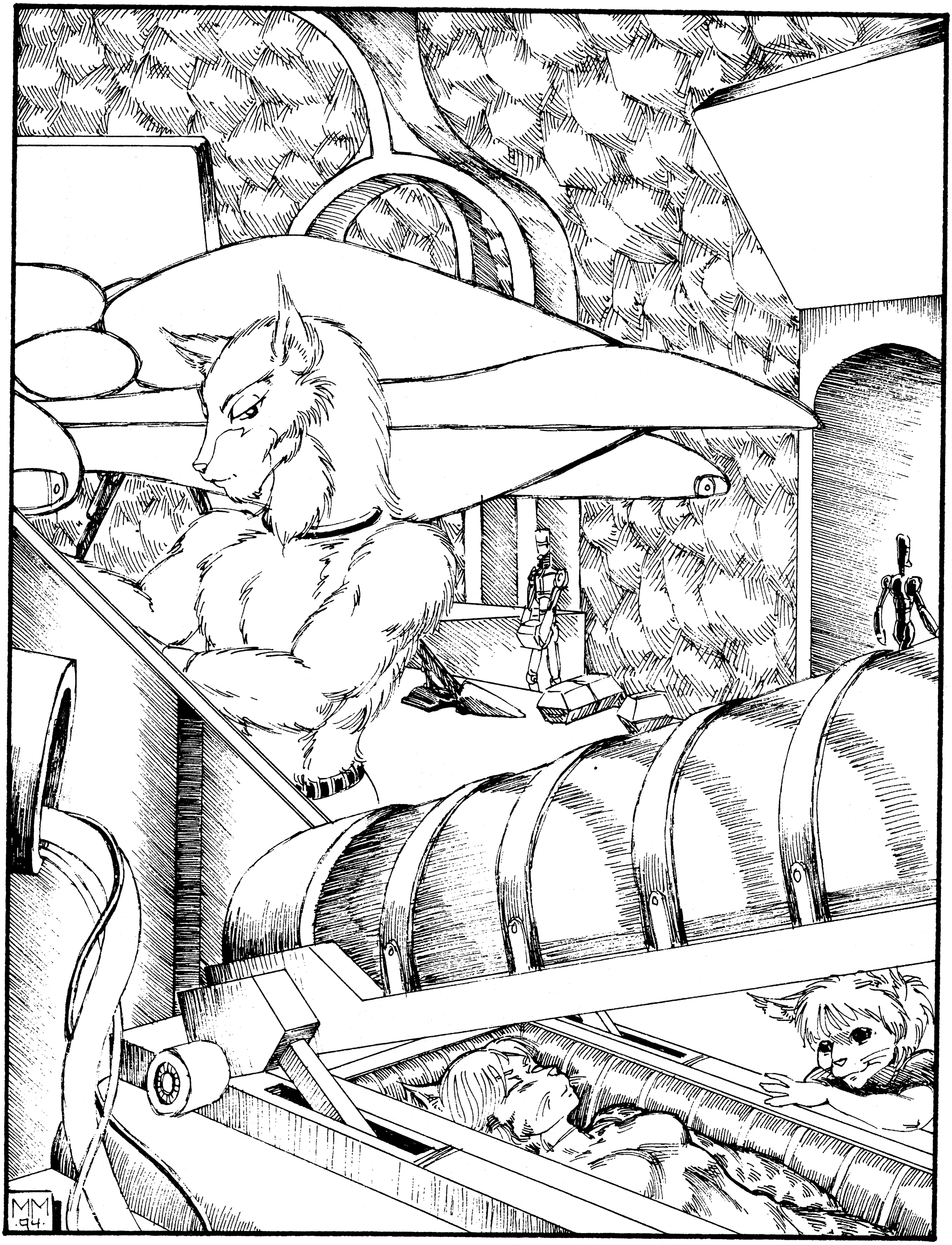
Mark Mandolia's artwork is characterized by his fine linework. Possessed of an excellent sense of perspective, he can render scenes whose backgrounds extend into distant horizons without difficulty. Flexible in terms of genre, he can illustrate everything from high-tech science fiction scenes to sword & sorcery fantasy settings. His work has been steadily increasing in quality over the years, and continues to do so. Mark can occasionally be found at Science Fiction conventions around the country.

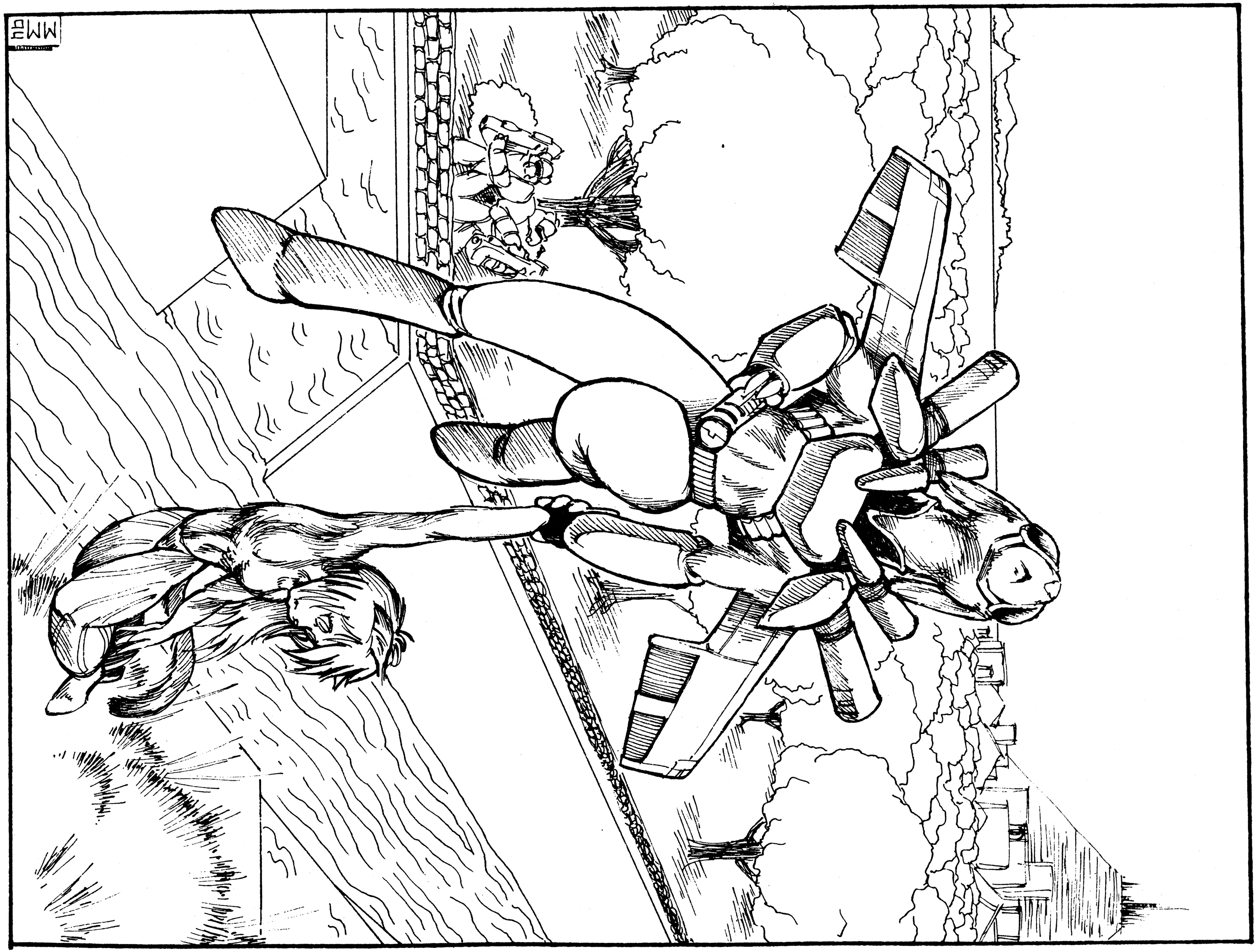
Commissioned Artwork

Currently in the middle of a move, at times Mr. Mandolia's schedule makes taking on commissions and completing them a difficult task. However, you may write to him at the address below. They will forward your mail to him, and if he can, he will reply.

Mr. Mark Mandolia, Artist
Med Systems Company
Post Office Box 580009
Flushing, NY 11358-0009




MM
·94·








Christopher Mandoli 1993
THE MANDOLIAN ✦ CHRONICLES

PUBLICATION REVIEW

Buffalo Wings
By Mark J. Paul

Buffalo Wings, by John Nunnemacher, is published by:
Antarctic Press, 7272 Wurzbach Suite #204, San Antonio, TX 78240

John Nunnemacher set out to create a new anthropomorphic story entitled "Buffalo Wings", and in the process took a page from the wisdom of past writers. He wrote about what he knew, in this case, his experiences as a college student. It appears to have been a wise approach, as many in the youthful ranks of his readers have gone to college at least part time and can identify with the acutely contemporary tales spun in his series. He effortlessly taps into the common trials, humor and experiences that almost all college students share.

As a budding new artist and writer in 1990, Nunnemacher displayed a solid level of maturity in his work. His grasp of the mechanics of cartooning is evident from the first page of the series. He possesses an adequate sense of line control that manifests itself in the somewhat exaggerated physical features of his characters, grounding his style comfortably between simple caricature and stilted realism. Other trappings, such as the healthy use of shading, vividly detailed body contours and shadows give the art added weight. Clearly, Nunnemacher has found his stylistic niche, and continues to refine it with each installment in the series.

Possibly the greatest virtue of Nunnemacher's work in "Buffalo Wings" is his talent for wry humor and a balanced presentation of character relationships. Drawing from his own experiences, he imbues the world of Boxen University with the chaotic energy and irreverence many college veterans recall from their halcyon days. His humor is a refreshing blend of terse wit and simple poignancy, a balance that is often hard to strike. Staying true to the comics medium, Nunnemacher often serves up somewhat dramatized courtships, with character emotions wheeling in predictable directions. This is not to say that the events in the story are not believeable; they simply stay within a range familiar to most comic afficionados. In the relationship between Stuart and Sarah, Nunnemacher sets the stage for deeper characterization by offering a historical perspective into their past as well as the events that complicate their current romance. In the case of Cliff and Taylor, in the "Spring Training" installment, however, we are allowed to watch the genesis of their foray into mutual attraction. Although this particular relationship unfolds in a campy and romanticized manner, it is a good example of Nunnemacher's ability to reconcile the sensual aspects of his characters within the largely humorous context that their tale unfolds.

"Buffalo Wings" is a fine recent example of competent visual artistry in the service of such valuable themes as college pressure, relationship difficulties and the humorous anectodes of life. As I remember my own four years of study, Nunnemacher's stories and characters connect me with the youthful candor and sometimes heartbreaking pain of those years. It is to his credit that he has successfully used the anthropomorphic genre to reveal such a jovial and deceptively uncluttered insight into the lives of those who walk the hallowed halls of learning and come to discover more about life than what a classroom can teach them.



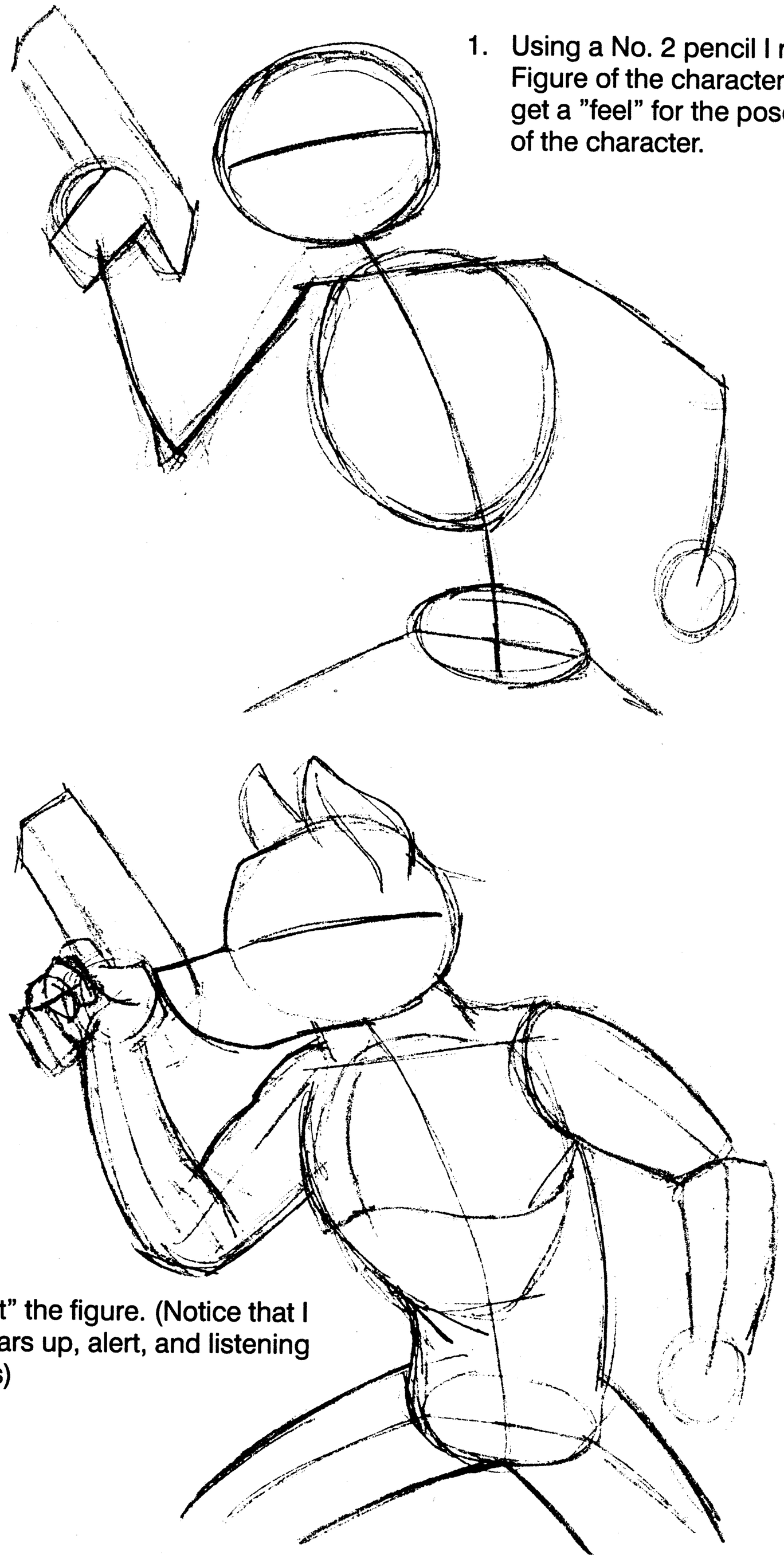
Stuart & Sarah



Cliff & Taylor

ARTIST'S CORNER

The powers that be at MED SYSTEMS have asked me to contribute to this issue's, ARTIST'S CORNER. So I thought I'd demonstrate how I draw one of my FAVORITE comic book characters, Paxton Greycoat (AKA SPACE WOLF).



1. Using a No. 2 pencil I rough out a stick Figure of the character(s). This helps me get a "feel" for the pose and composition of the character.

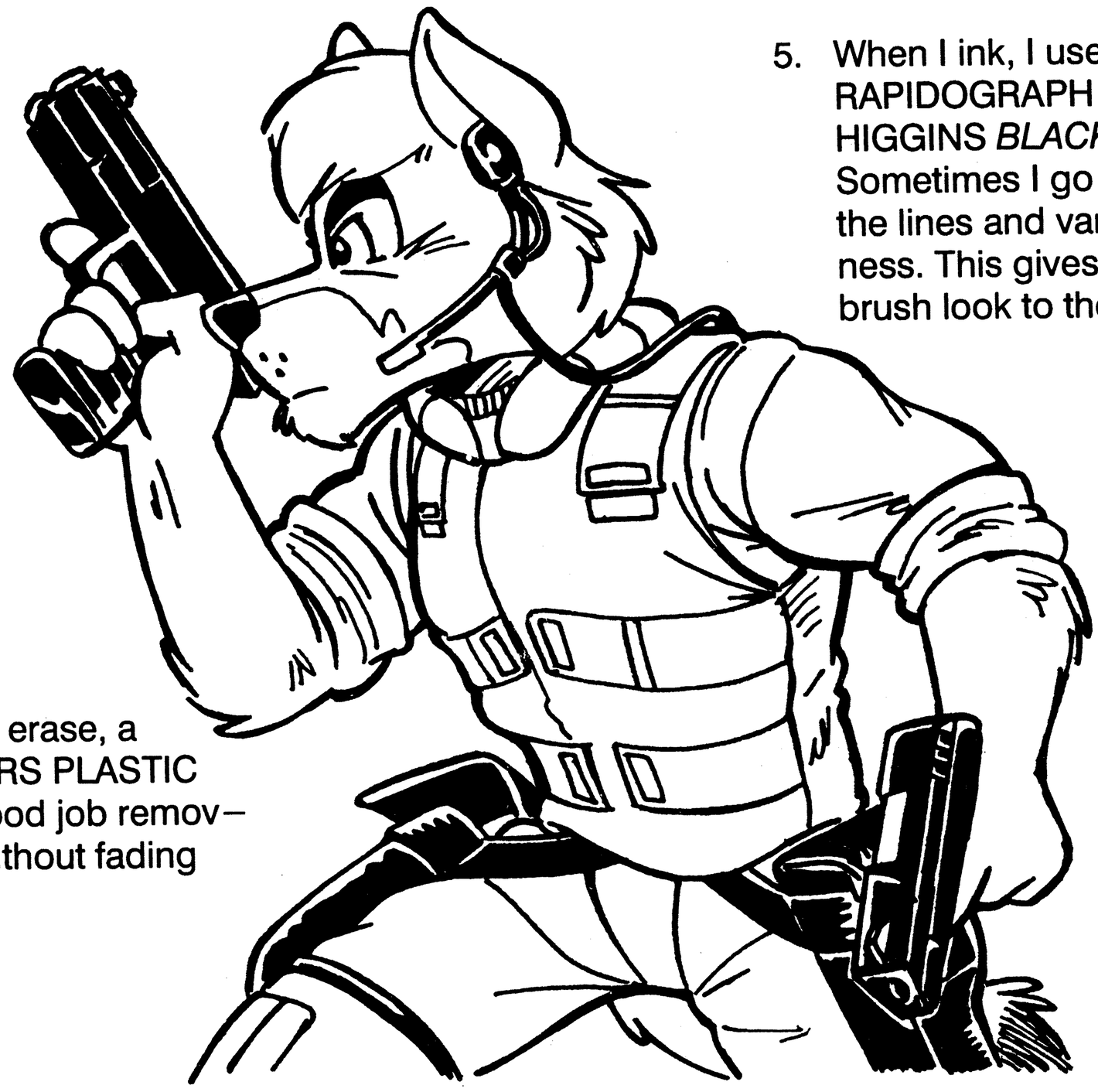
2. Next I "Flesh out" the figure. (Notice that I have Paxton's ears up, alert, and listening for the bad guys)

ARTIST'S CORNER



3. Now comes all the detail. (facial features/expressions, hands, body armor, etc.)

4. After sketching all that in I go back and tighten up my pencil lines and get the drawing ready for inking.



5. When I ink, I use a No. 1 RAPIDOGRAPH Pen with HIGGINS *BLACK MAGIC* ink. Sometimes I go back over the lines and vary their thick–ness. This gives a type of brush look to the drawing.

6. When it's time to erase, a STAEDTLER MARS PLASTIC eraser does a good job remov–ing the pencil, without fading the inks.



Tales from the Reservation

An American Journal of Anthropomorphics Original
Continued from Issue #1

The Reservation lies in the northeastern corner of the continent of Australia, about eighty miles west of Chilagoe, on a section of land purchased from the government by a group of foreign investors many years ago. It is ringed all about with 20' tall metal fencing, to keep kangaroos (and others) out. It is privately owned and operated by it inhabitants, who are a little unusual, to say the least. The Reservation has one main road that runs through it, from east to west. It is governed by a mayor, who is elected from the populace. They have little formal contact with the outside world, but the isolation of their community is deliberate, as they have suffered much in the past, attempting to live among mankind.

Shem Reawn, a young and insecure social misfit on the Reservation who enjoys hacking access to computer systems across the world over the global network, has uncovered a series of Experience Modules, huge data files containing direct memory scans generated by Memory Analysis computers, on a rarely-accessed government computer somewhere in the United States. The technology had been banned over a hundred years prior, "officially" due to abuses and a side effect of occasional behavioral changes experienced by those who viewed them without a specially designed series of synaptic filters in their viewing hardware.

Managing to partially decode one of the accompanying encrypted text files, he found that one file was a scan analysis of Janet, one of the first Genetic Constructs, the progenitor of his species. His curiosity on the matter and the hope that he might be able to pick up some of the martial arts skills that Janet was reputed to possess in time for the Reservation's annual Tournament made his decision a quick one. Mren, one of the Reservation's most eligible females, was rumored to like good fighters, and if he did well in the Tournament, he dreamed that Mren would be his.

Shem was able to pick up an old Yokodai ImageTech sensory image inducer helmet, discontinued for some time and relatively inexpensive. With this, he began viewing the module, section by section as he could spare the time. He was soon absorbed in the life of Janet, fascinated by the unwinding events, unaware of the slow changes that were creeping into his behavior.

He had drawn farm duty on the weekly job roster, and had been suffering alone through the tedious work when Mren had pulled up in one of the Reservation's white aircars, looking to borrow some fuel.

* * *

Shem closed the petcock on the dented 55-gallon drum, waving the penetrating alcohol fumes away with one hand. Turning, he lugged the sloshing jerrycan out of the dim coolness of the storage bunker, back into the baking heat of the Australian noonday sun. Mren, sitting inside the air-conditioned vehicle, spared him half a glance, more concerned with her own reflection in the car's vanity mirror. Shem opened the fueling door and inserted the jerrycan's nozzle, holding the big can uncomfortably under one arm. As he leaned against the aircar, listening to the alcohol gurgle into the tank, he watched the heat wash from its engine make the air shimmer above it and pondered what to say to Mren.

After an uncomfortable time in the heat, the jerrycan finished emptying into the tank. Shem closed the valve door slowly and stepped up to the front again, feeling awkward and tongue-tied. Mren pressed a contact stud and the window rolled down with a slight hiss.

"Thanks, Shem." she murmured, winking at him. "See you later!"

A whiff of her slight scent and musky perfume wafted towards him, borne on the cool air from the vehicle's interior. He smiled and nodded, sniffing, blinking, feeling like a complete idiot, unable to get any words out other than a murmured, "Anytime, Mren."

As the window hissed softly back into position, cutting off the cool air, he blinked, desperately suppressing the need to pant from the sub beating down on his black head fur. Inwardly, he felt a strange pain in his chest; he wanted to speak more with her, but was too conscious of his dirty work shirt, overheated body and dusty fur. Mren flicked an ear, flashed a grin and lifted the aircar with a whine of fans.

"Ack!" squawked Shem, ducking as the downdraft from the vehicle blew a cloud of yellowish dust and small pebbles off of the road. Coughing and brushing ineffectually at himself, he watched the dust plume thrown up by the white aircar as it sped down the dirt road, back towards the center of the Reservation.

He felt strange; embarrassed because of his appearance and his nervousness, part of him wanted to cry, yet another part was strangely angry at something, and it burned in the pit of his stomach. It was obvious to him that the idea of Shem as a mate or even in a social situation had never crossed Mren's mind. If it was to happen, he had to do something; something to get him into her circle of friends, and to impress her. Or maybe... maybe he was just chasing after a dream.

Smacking one fist into his palm and loosing a tiny shower of dust from his fur, Shem turned back towards the shed and trudged inside. He pulled off his shirt and dropped it on the decking, shoulders slumped dejectedly, a little dizzy from the heat. He almost wetted his fur down again, but realized in time what kind of a muddy mess that would make. Growling in frustration, he drank some cold water, plunked down in the worn acrylic chair, put his feet up on the console and threw his head back against the headrest. The heat soon lulled him into an uneasy doze, filled with fitful, half-seen, half-imagined images and voices.

The alert buzzer went off and startled him awake. Blinking, he saw that both tractors had finished their planting patterns and were ready for new instructions. The fields were ready for the first round of watering. Shem sat up in his chair and rubbed his head, feeling the beginnings of a pounding headache. His fingers gently brushed the contact pads on the console, sliding through control patterns, returning the tractors to the shed and bringing up the initial water flow diagrams for the irrigation pump computer.

Shem's fingers stopped moving as a realization dawned on him. He could override the lockout on the pump computer, link it to his workstation back at the house and use the headset here! Instead of sitting here, chafing away, he could actually do something useful with his time! And he had the rest of the week left in farm duty! Smiling happily, he began making his preparations.

* * *

Shem was in a jovial mood that night, despite the childish comments his bedraggled appearance and smell provoked from his younger siblings. He

felt superior to them in some way, and merely sneered, which provoked Drew into making a face back at him, and in turn set little Kara and Rea giggling. His happy mood dissipated as he glared at the kits, who were by then all making faces at him in rapid succession. He stalked off to him room, where the tingling, sonically agitated waters of the fresher cleaned his skin and fur, soothing away the aches in his muscles. He idly watched the muddy waters washing off and draining away, seeming to carry his annoyance and frustration with them, back to the recycling plant.

Once clean and mostly dry, he got dressed and went down to dinner. Surprisingly, the terrible trio were remarkably subdued. No doubt they had been caught in some mischief. Shem enjoyed the peaceful meal.

Once dinner was over, he went and sat down in the conversation pit, turning on the vid screen with a murmured command phrase. World events, which had never been of much concern to him, seemed strangely compelling; he watched and listened intently as the humans discussed the growing tensions in the Mideast, riots in China and growing political strife in France. Rea, who had come down and sat next to him, grew so bored waiting for him to switch to something interesting she dozed off. Idly, without thinking, he reached over and gently rubbed her fur between and behind her ears as he watched the news bulletins. To say that Drew and Kara were surprised by this peaceful scene when they finally came over would be an understatement.

"Heya, Shem." Drew murmured as he sat down, after whispering with Kara for a minute. "Whatcha watching?"

"Hrm?" murmured Shem, not looking away from the display. "News."

"Oh." muttered Drew, making a face. "Ummm..."

Shem glanced away from the screen as the news program ended. Drew obviously wanted to ask him to change the display to something else, but the oldest-sets-the-view privilege was in his way.

He got up and stretched, suppressing a smile as Drew's face lit up. "I'm all done." he murmured. "Have fun."

"Yay! Colonial Wars, here we come!" Drew whispered to Kara, who grinned happily. The synthesized sounds of the game followed Shem up the stairs.

Back in his room, Shem debated using the workstation and sensor helmet again, but knew it was late. He'd prefer an early start instead. Slipping the helmet, cables, connectors and a few pieces of equipment into his bag in preparation for the morrow, he rubbed a ribbon of Anti-Bac on his teeth, stretched languorously and went to sleep, smiling.

Up early the next morning, Shem donned a white shirt, a clean pair of khaki shorts and a pair of black footpad bindings, shaking his head in the mirror at his untidy appearance. He carefully brushed his black fur, but was unable to get it to lie down properly. Eventually he gave it up for a lost cause and went down to the breakfast he could smell cooking.

His father and brother were there, each absorbed in watching the morning news and weather broadcast out of Chilagoe on the wall screen. The terrible trio were also present, having been busily washed, dressed and hustled to the table by his mother, who was cooking what smelled like grain cakes in the kitchen. His three younger siblings were looking at him expectantly, their green eyes laughing at him, whispering to one another. One suppressed a giggle. Things seemed back to normal, despite their friendliness of last night.

Shem didn't give them the satisfaction of a glare. Pulling out his chair, he checked it's surface for tacks or glue. Bending over under the pretext of refastening his footgear, he looked under the table where his legs would go. Straightening up, he surreptitiously inspected his drinking bowl and utensils, but found nothing. Rea smiled at him innocently across the table.

Shrugging, he smiled at his mother, Pert, as she set down a tray containing a stack of steaming yellow grain cakes on the table. The tray was passed around the table, as were the carafes of water, flavored cake syrup and milk. After everyone was finished, he helped his mother clear the table, putting the ceramic utensils, plates and drinking bowls into the cleanser.

A rattling, whooshing noise and airhorn blast from outside signalled the arrival of the Reservation's airbus, picking them up for their roster duties. Shem gently touched cheeks with his mother, smiled and dashed upstairs to his room to grab his bag. Within moments, the creaky old airbus lifted fans again and rattled down the road to the next house, Shem and his father sitting on well-worn seats, each lost in their own private musings.

After the bus dropped him off at the Farm's control shed, Shem stood for a moment and watched it depart. Already the day's heat was growing, the air filled with a rich, coppery smell as the morning condensation lifted from the ground. Weather Control in Chilagoe had said that today was going to be a scorcher. With any luck, though, he wouldn't even have to touch the tractors today, merely fill the loaders on the irrigation feeders with the proper blend of nutrients and set the pump system into motion. He did this as quickly as he could, eager to get to the real task at hand.

Shem busied himself under the console, removing access plates. Pulling small connectors and a number of circuit taps from his bag, Shem soon had a suitable interface for the module that the helmet plugged into, easily hideable behind the access plate. He hummed under his breath as he worked, a tune that seemed very familiar, though he couldn't remember the name or where he had heard it.

After rechecking his setup, Shem carefully bypassed the pump computer's lockout and accessed the Reservation Net. Through this link to his workstation back at the house, he accessed the satellite over Australia and linked out to his hacked accounts. He was mildly annoyed to find one had changed its password or been deleted. Fortunately, it was not the crucial one; the US Government system with the Experience Modules stored on it, only an academic one, located on an old DCS Aleph-580 at some college in Kenya he had hacked out several weeks ago. Within moments, he was logged in to the US system and was switching to the appropriate directory.

Settling the thin black titanium frame of the sensor helmet on his head and adjusting the contact points, Shem checked the pump status and all the indicators. Everything was running fine; the pumps and locks were directing nutrient-loaded water down the irrigation channels. He nodded his satisfaction, set the alarm timer to let him know when it was an hour until closing and engaged the program running on his workstation back at the house. The visor lowered and clicked into place as the pump computer dumped the data that it was receiving from Shem's workstation to the helmet through the irrigation console. He gave an involuntary shiver of delight as he saw the tiny flashes at the edges of his vision which indicated the cortical inducers were active.

Within moments, the program had scanned to the last saved point in the module file and continued where it had left off. The inducers whined faintly, projecting directly into his cortex. His awareness of the world around him faded and he was somewhere else, in a world it seemed he had only forgotten, and was remembering completely now, every detail sharp and crisp.

* * *

Jarrey was arraigned the next day, in a bustling courtroom panelled in warm yellow oak, filled with unfamiliar smells and people. The lawyer from PRC failed to show, which made the prosecution's statements all the more damaging as Jarrey, seemingly suffering from guilt, merely shrugged, nodding to everything the prosecutor said, whether it was correct in principle or not. Bail was, as a result, set unusually high by the magistrate, who stared Jarrey up and down with a disgusted look on her face.

Linda was very displeased, but agreed to sign the bond paperwork. During this and the previous courtroom proceedings, Janet, who had been sitting at the back of the courtroom, observed two men eyeing Jarrey and speaking amongst one another in low tones. She quietly maneuvered herself behind them, staying out of their field of vision. Her ears cocked forward as she listened to what they were saying. The shorter fellow, she noted, had a suspicious bulge under his jacket.

"That's him for sure", the tall man said. "We'll see where he goes and take care of it then", added the shorter.

Janet was wary; they had to be police or in some sort of Law Enforcement agency, otherwise they would not have been allowed into the courthouse building with the firearm. What did they want with Jarrey? To question him regarding his involvement with Theorison or Randolph? She had to get to him and make sure he had his story straight before they did. Hopefully, they would be able to get the blackmail item back before that happened, thus leaving him an escape route to rat out on Randolph should it become necessary.

After the arraignment, Janet and Linda went down to the clerk's office and filled out yet more paperwork. In a few hours, Jarrey was released. In Linda's steel grey Mercedes, driving away from the courthouse, Janet explained to Jarrey and Linda about the two men and the conversation she had overheard. Linda agreed that it would be better for Jarrey not to return to his apartment; that would be the first place that they would look. She had a back room in another club she owned that was fitted out with a cot and refrigerator. He could stay there until they heard from Randolph again. Then he would decide whether or not to answer any questions, when he was his own man again. Jarrey agreed, and so it was done.

Linda was very concerned regarding Mr. Theorison's involvement in this apparently illegal affair. As his executive secretary, she had never known him to be anything but upright and completely within the bounds of the law. Janet suspected that there was something more to it, from the way Linda was acting, but said nothing. No one could get in contact with Mr. Theorison, as he had disappeared; gone into hiding, from all appearances.

It was during one such argument that Bridlaun was present and he said to Linda off to one side in a low whisper, "He may be hiding out for other reasons... we both know he's the Pontifier." No human could have heard it, but Janet's ears were larger than a human's and more sensitive. In the relatively quiet offices, it was as though they had spoken aloud. Janet hid her shock.

The Pontifier was one of the most powerful, feared and controversial paranormals in existence. He had once gone up against the United States government itself, destroying a research project by crumpling up the structure and the giant scaffolding that had surrounded it, throwing the huge crumpled ball up into orbit, all apparently with the power of his mind. The remains of that scaffolding had eventually fallen as its orbit decayed, sending a rain of molten metal down onto a small town in Germany, killing several people and maiming others.

The man put his own personal moral and ethical code before that of his own government or the lives of innocent people. He was apparently willing to commit acts of deadly aggression against the United States if he thought they were committing wrongs... what would he do to Randolph? The poor man only thought his client had mob ties... if he knew the truth of the matter, he would have realized that he was in far greater danger than of broken legs should Theorison ever come to suspect him of having something to do with the RevCo blunder. After the scaffolding incident, a nationwide manhunt had been put out, and eventually the United States Government had come to some sort of terms with him. That the government did not simply lock him away for what he had done in itself showed how much personal power the man wielded. To think that poor Jarrey was involved in any way with figures of such international scope made Janet think of a small ship getting crushed between giant icebergs as they moved, not even noticing the impact as they ground the ship to splinters between them. That night, tense, she performed a full set of exercises, finishing up by working a heavy bag with kicks and punches until she was exhausted and could finally sleep.

Janet was dancing in the club the next evening when she noticed the same two men she had seen in the courtroom circulating through the crowd on the dance floor, apparently looking for someone. One of them looked directly at her for a moment, then continued on. After about an hour of this and apparently not finding who they sought, they left the club. Janet pondered over who they could be and what they really wanted as she finished her routine. If she had a chance, she was going to find out.

The day finally came for Randolph to come across with the goods. Janet called him and then drove over to his house with Linda. Randolph tried to get her to sign some sort of an agreement, but had no real leg to stand on when she refused. Reluctantly, he turned over a small glass test tube containing a computer chip of some sort. Janet, who had been expecting pictures or some sort of printed matter, was taken aback. <u>This</u> was what had driven Jarrey to such lengths? Linda took the tube and rolled it in her hand, as puzzled as Janet, as Randolph, apparently as eager as they to finish this business, shooed them out. The ride back was silent as each woman turned over the questions they had in their minds. Janet agreed with Linda that she should be the one to turn the thing over to Jarrey, although she did not stop to analyze her motives.

The pair pulled into the parking lot next door to Linda's other club and went in the back door. Unlike the Dirty Gene Pool, this club was not known for the number of "freaks" that chose to patronize it. Indeed, some people might have been upset at her presence. Linda gave Janet directions and went up to the office, while Janet passed through the loading dock and down the short flight of stairs that led to the storage room. Knocking gently on the wooden door, Janet found it open. Jarrey was laying on a cot in a pair of baggy cotton jeans and a T-shirt, staring at the ceiling. Her eyes flicked admiringly up and down the length of his form as he looked over and rolled out of bed, nervously patting the fur on the top of his head down.

"Hello", Janet said. He smiled tentatively and nodded. "Do you have it?" he asked.

In response, Janet took the tube from her pocket and handed it to him. Jarrey stared at it, back at her and grinned. Turning, he fished a small monocle out of a bag and peered at the chip carefully through the tube from different directions. Satisfied, he slipped it into his pocket and smiled broadly. Janet, still leaning against the door frame, watched him silently. She noticed that his tail protruded through a hole he had cut in the back of the jeans. He grabbed a shirt off of a peg and pulled it on while thanking her profusely for everything she had done for him.

Getting the impression that he had something important to do and he was



trying to brush her off, she nodded and said she would see him later. As Jarrey got down on the floor to peer under the cot in search of his footgear, Janet went upstairs to the club's offices in search of Linda. When she found her, Janet explained how Jarrey had reacted when he had received the chip; something was not quite right, to say the least.

Janet thought Linda should have someone follow him and see where he went with the thing. Linda did not appear to understand the significance of what Janet was saying; while Janet was trying to explain, she spotted Jarrey walking across the club's floor, heading towards the exit. At the same time, she heard people screaming in the distance. She turned away from Linda and stared at the front of the club. The noise was increasing; a crowd of screaming people were approaching the club! Jarrey got as far as the door when his jaw dropped in shock. Cursing in what seemed to be abject fear, he spun about and darted back into the main room as the front doors burst open and about twenty screaming people flooded into the club, pursued by an inhuman, greenish-skinned, seven-foot-tall creature with four arms.

A couple was fleeing from it as the woman fell. Heroically, her companion tried to grapple with it as the girl stumbled erect and fled, but it spat some sort of liquid into his face, which began smoking. As his flesh bubbled away, he had time to let out a single, blood-curdling screech before the poison ate through his eyes, into his brain and he died.

Janet gasped at the sight of the gruesome murder, her stomach heaving. People were screaming and running about in absolute panic, getting trampled on and worse. The creature's long, sloped head pivoted, it's beady black eyes shifting, as though it was looking for someone. Jarrey, ducking and weaving amidst the crowd of panicking people, leapt over a fallen man and darted behind the bar. Janet saw the creature's eyes track him and gasped as it began to purposefully walk in his direction. She watched in horror as it picked up people in its way and flung them to the sides, inexorably advancing on Jarrey's hiding place.

Suddenly, there was a resounding crash, and the door blew off its hinges behind the creature. There stood Powerhouse and Energon! Powerhouse stepped forward, set himself and reared back to deliver a mighty blow. The creature, however, completely ignored his sudden, dramatic, appearance.

It leapt forward over a small knot of people, to just in front of the bar and leant over the top. Janet could have sworn it's toothless gash of a mouth curved in a smile. A faint shriek of terror that sounded as though it could have been wrung from Jarrey's muzzle came to her over the noise of the crowd. She realized she had to do something, and quickly.

Powerhouse leapt forward and brought his fist up into the creature's back with a resounding **THOOM!**, sending the creature flying bodily into the air, over the bar and into the mirror behind it. It slid down and landed on the countertop beneath the mirror, scattering broken slivers of glass and bottles of liquor across the room. Powerhouse shook his hand, which was smoking from its brief contact with the creature's apparently acidic flesh. The creature looked up at Powerhouse and then down at Jarrey, crouching under the bar in abject terror. *"Give me the boy"*, it grated in a raspy voice as it reached down to pluck Jarrey from his hiding place. The panicked knots of people in the bar began disappearing with small pops; Tim, dressed in his Spectre outfit, was at work teleporting groups of bystanders to safety.

Janet acted! She threw herself forward in an acrobatic roll, intending to come up next to the bar. From there she would grab up a bottle of liquor and smash the creature across the head with all of her might, allowing Jarrey to escape while it was blinded by the alcohol and stunned by the impact. Unfortunately, her foot landed on an unseen bottle as she came out of her roll, and flipped her sprawling, flat upon her muzzle, stunning her.

Energon, his fists glowing, crackling bands of Saint Elmo's fire coursing up and down his arms, stepped forward and sent a bolt of sizzling energy lancing into the creature's thigh, knocking it back and into the weakened wall, which crushed inward. As the creature, not visibly damaged at all, struggled to pull itself from the hole in the wall, Jarrey saw his chance! He leapt up and over the bar to make good his escape. His head was turned sideways to watch the creature, and so he tripped and fell sprawling across Janet, who was woozily trying to recover. As they were desperately trying to untangle themselves, the creature emerged. It hissed its frustration and spat a gout of liquid across the room at them on the floor. Jarrey, on top, screamed shrilly as it splashed across his back. Janet, underneath him, was untouched.

Powerhouse hit the creature again, almost at the same time Linda nailed it from the side with a smashing blast from a pump-action shotgun she must have had in the back room. The two blasts knocked the creature completely through the wall and into the adjoining dining room. Janet, fueled by adrenaline, picked up the spasmodically thrashing Jarrey in a fireman's carry and sprinted towards the back of the club and the showers she had seen there. The noise of smashing furniture, walls and screaming people continued behind her as she reached the shower and turned the water on full-blast, washing the wildly foaming acid and fur from Jarrey's back. The flesh thus revealed was pitted deeply, the jagged, exposed flesh pink and raw, bleeding in several places where the acid had eaten down through layers of skin, down to the bone. Jarrey moaned and thrashed feebly under her ministrations, almost unconscious from the pain. Janet blinked, startled, as she noticed that translucent claws were protruding and retracting from the tips of his thick, furred fingers as he convulsed in pain on the shower floor. She blinked in

confusion. She didn't have claws.

With another resounding **THOOM!** the creature came flying through the wall near them, taking out part of the shower stall as it careened through the building's superstructure, propelled by Powerhouse's fist. Janet covered Jarrey's wounded back with her body as glass, wood and plaster dust went flying everywhere from the impact. The creature turned and fled as it got up, fortunately not noticing Jarrey and Janet crouching behind the rubble of broken walls, twisted piping and spraying water. It began to claw and spit acid at the flooring, quickly digging a hole into which it vanished. By the time Powerhouse climbed over the wreckage, it was gone.

Although Energon descended into the hole after it, it had apparently disappeared into a twisting maze of passages which led to the sewer system. The police and paramedics were soon on the scene, helping the wounded. As they came through the wreckage towards where Jarrey lay, Janet extracted the small glass tube with the chip in it from the pocket she had seen him put it in and slid it into hers. The paramedics took him away to a burn center, shaking their heads. Janet, watching, noticed Powerhouse staring at her. She stuck one hand in her pocket and tried to act nonchalant, but he came over and gripped her by the jacket at the back of her neck and dangled her two feet off the floor.

She was helpless in his grip. His hands were like iron, fueled by his paranormal physique. She was choking and began to panic as he shook her and shouted, "God Damn It! Now we are going to get some answers!" Apparently he thought she knew something about this as well... his eyes were wild, staring. He shook her so forcefully that her head slapped forward and back, making her dizzy and nauseous. Her jacket tore under his hand during one forceful shake and she fell to the ground, stunned.

* * *



Shem blinked in confusion as a beeping noise from the console's timer alarm pulled him back to reality. His vision blurred and fractured as he tried to focus beyond the visor, his mind interpreting the dual visual input. One hand groped for the control panel and pressed the command key that he had set up, which sent a signal to his workstation to disengage the program, save his place in the module, close all logged accounts and restore the irrigation pump computer to normal functioning. With a groan, he blinked against the late-afternoon light that was streaming into the control shack.

He had been sitting in the hot shack all day, lost in the thrall of the sensor helmet. His mind felt muddled... his arm muscles trembled as he moved them to unplug the helmet's jack from the jury-rigged interface. He tried to rise up from his chair, but his body didn't want to obey, didn't feel right. Too short. Too weak. Too... His legs jerked spastically and he fell out of the chair onto his side, losing consciousness in a haze of half-formed thoughts and impulses. Bright spots of light danced before his eyes, and everything went slowly red, then black.

* * *

It seemed to Shem that he was standing in a dark, musty room, dimly lit from above. The floor was very cold under his bare feet. Was he in the fuel storage bunker? What had happened to him? A movement in the darkness across the room drew his attention as Janet stepped out of the shadows, glaring at him. "And just WHO the HELL are you?" she shouted.

...To be continued in Issue #3

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